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"Did it ever occur to you" [Bruce Barton asked] "that you might be President when you grew up?"

". . . I do not recall that anyone in whose judgment I would place much reliance ever told me in my younger days that I should be President" [answered Mr. Coolidge].—Associated Press.

A CANNY child, young Calvin built
No White House in the air;
No battery of flattery
Could catch him unaware.

When uncle said to Calvin,
"You'll be President or bust!"
The boy replied, with modest pride:
"Your judgment I distrust."

PEACE—REAL PEACE—on the Rhine moves nearer and nearer. There are rumblings and grumblings—M. Poincaré has just made a speech about German responsibility for the war which does not help matters—but economic pressure is making itself felt with the force of an avalanche. Gradually the outlines of the tentative agreement reached by M. Briand and Herr Stresemann on the shores of Lake Geneva become clearer. France was to agree to evacuate the Rhineland in 1927, to return the Saar coal region in 1928, and to withdraw opposition to the resale of Eupen and Malmedy by Belgium. In return Germany was to pay for the Saar and for Eupen and Malmedy—about $100,000,000; to assist in mobilizing the Dawes obligations so that they could be used now to stabilize the franc; and to relinquish the protection of the transfer clause of the Dawes Plan. The immediate gains to France would be enormous—she would obtain cash in hand beyond the capacities of her tax collectors. The military guard on the Rhine has long ceased to be a matter of military strategy and become chiefly a matter of prestige, and prestige in these days comes high. France knows now that she can never persuade the Saar folk to vote for French rule and must ultimately lose them, and little Eupen and Malmedy have a mainly sentimental value even for the Germans. To a Cabinet whose overwhelming preoccupation is finance the advantages of the plan are obvious.

TO GERMANY, TOO, the plan has its attraction—it widens out the Western frontier at two sore points, regains the Saar coal, and gets rid of the irritating foreign troops who hold the post-war watch on the Rhine. It means, in essence, discounting the payments on the Dawes Plan in the American market. Ultimately something like a billion dollars' worth of bonds would have to be floated—and of course there is no market but the American capable of absorbing anything like that amount. The loan would have to be absorbed at an enormous sacrifice—at present the talk is of offering the first issue of 5 per cent bonds at 75, and the bankers' commissions would have to be deducted from the 75 before Germany would get her cash. The transfer clause of the Dawes agreements has hitherto guaranteed Germany against large transfers of reparations payments when they might affect the stability of the mark, and this would have to be renounced before the bonds could be sold abroad. Foreign investors would demand regular interest payments. The program is predicated upon the assumption that Germany's financial recovery will continue and that she will be able to meet the Dawes Plan payments as they become due. Thus far the Dawes Plan has worked; Germany has this year even increased her payments by $75,000,000 in return for future concessions. But can Germany keep it up? And will American investors believe in her capacity sufficiently to make the gamble? The ultimate decision will be made neither in Paris nor in Berlin, but in Wall Street, New York City.

THE CAT CAME BACK. The World Court had been laid on an extra high shelf by a Senate which did not quite have the courage either to take it or leave it. The theory, unavowed but clear, was that the nations which are signatories to the World Court protocol would either get down on their knees and accept the American reservations, or refuse them out of hand, in either case bothering the Senate no more. But the assembled nations did neither. They followed the Senate's own technique: they accepted the reservations, with reservations. And now the reservations to our reservations must go back to the Senate which, in its infinite wisdom, may find that the only way to maintain peace, in the Senate, is to accept the reservations to our

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reservations, with further reservations. The merry game goes on. The best legal minds of Geneva were set to work upon the Senate's reservations, a few of the *obiter dicta* of the Presidential Spokesman in the Adirondack fastnesses being supplied to help them out. The Geneva conferees agreed to three of the five Senate reservations. They accepted the American veto upon amendments to the Court's statute with the proviso that the signatories might by a two-thirds vote withdraw their acceptance. They struck a snag in the question of advisory opinions. The Senate had insisted that the Court refuse to give any advisory opinion without Washington's consent upon matters in which the United States might claim an interest. The Spokesman explained that the Senate meant by this merely to put us on a par with the members of the League's Council. The Geneva reply is that the Council members have no such veto power, and that accordingly they will be pleased to give us an equal voice but no more. And the Senate is now entitled to say whether the Spokesman was right in explaining what the Senate meant.

FLORIDA SEEMS to be bent upon alienating as soon as possible the sympathy which rightly went out to her because of the hurricane. In the New York *Times* we read the following dispatch from Miami, dated September 23:

> Conscription of all unemployed persons to aid in clearing away wreckage and to speed the work of rehabilitating the Florida storm-swept area was adopted everywhere in that area today. Militiamen and police, aided by several hundred members of the American Legion who have been specially deputized, patrolled all streets and highways, apprehending all persons who could not show that they were employed, and putting them immediately to work.

It is conceivable that such conscription of labor, although forbidden by the federal Constitution, might be upheld by the courts if ordered by a governor or legislature to meet an extreme emergency. But in Florida the decree appears to have been a mere municipal fiat and the emergency nothing more urgent than a desire to restore the attractions of Miami in time for the winter tourist season. It was easy to predict, also, that the order would be applied only to poor Negroes—not to white idlers of adequate means. A day after the above dispatch it was stated that "two marines" had been shot while trying to force a couple of Negroes to join a labor gang. What business, we should like to ask, had "two marines" to be assisting in an illegal attempt at municipal peonage? The Negroes, it seems, had only recently arrived from Nassau, and therefore were probably British subjects. If so, His Majesty's ambassador may be able to obtain for them redress which as mere American citizens they would not stand a chance of getting.

STUDENT PROTESTS at the College of the City of New York against compulsory military training have borne their fruit. The incoming freshman class is now to have a choice between military training and "civilian drill" under the direction of the department of hygiene; upperclass men, however, who have already begun military training will not be permitted to relinquish it. Thus the authorities save their faces and at the same time respond to what was a rather troublesome protest. The intrepid young men of City College who quoted from the army manual used in the drill course last year must feel amply rewarded for their pains. They heard themselves called "traitors," "cowards," "bolsheviks," "parlor pacifists"; they were assured that the faculty would of course pay no attention to the pratings of mere students, and that City College was second to none in zeal for its country and its flag; they fought on. And somehow the student protests carried sharper barbs than President Mezes and his associates would confess to. One wonders just what did happen. Did it occur to someone that colleges might be made for students instead of the other way around? Probably not. Whatever happened, compulsory military training in colleges has received another setback. Its sponsors, however, are busy and alert; the fight to eliminate from the schools this unwelcome immigrant has only begun. We count upon the students who have waged so effective a struggle against it from City College to Wyoming to carry on.

THE STATE OF KENTUCKY has lately shown a commendable courage in preventing lynchings, but there have been a number of trials which have appeared to colored residents as little better. Last January a Negro in Lexington was sentenced to be hanged for murder and rape after a trial of sixteen minutes, but a month later in the same city a white man, charged with assaulting a colored girl, was declared insane. In April three Negroes were arrested in Madisonville charged with assault upon a white woman. The evidence against them did not seem conclusive to many persons, but race feeling ran high and the *Courier-Journal* reported in advance that the men would be convicted and hanged. Two were, in fact, speedily sentenced to die and the third got twenty years in jail, but the sentences were later upset by the Court of Appeals. Previous to the trial, however, the *Leader* and the *News*, Negro newspapers of Louisville, protested that the men could not expect a fair hearing in the atmosphere of Madisonville. The *Leader* spoke of certain recent trials as "legalized lynchings." Later the editors of the *News* and the *Leader*, William Warley and I. Willis Cole, were charged with creating race hatred, but when it was discovered that the law making this a crime had been repealed they were indicted for libeling the judge at Madisonville. The outcome of this case, involving as it does both the freedom of the press and justice for the Negro race, is highly important in the annals of Kentucky.

THE ORGANIZATION of the textile workers of Passaic, New Jersey, under the auspices of the American Federation of Labor, has been the signal for a final lawless effort to crush the strike. Since the strike began some nine months ago it would seem that the employees had already been sufficiently fertile in inspiring illegality, having led the public officials of Bergen County to prohibit lawful meetings, to break up legitimate picket lines, and to exhaust the workers' funds by demanding excessive bail. But now that the mill-owners can no longer cry "Bolshevik" and "Communist" at the workers they are trying to connect them with recent bomb explosions. A score of strikers have been arrested, held *incomunicado* for several days, and in some cases subjected to the third degree. Meanwhile Henry T. Hunt, counsel for the strikers, declares that all available evidence indicates that the various bombs were "planted" by detectives in the pay of the mills. This seems quite in keeping with the ethics which sponsored a spurious

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breach-of-promise case against Albert Weisbord when he was leading the strike. Neither is it surprising that the charges against Norman Thomas were promptly dismissed by a grand jury when after five months' delay under bail of $10,000 it was finally possible to get a hearing before such a body. We are glad to see that Mr. Thomas, who courageously consented to lead in a test case of Bergen County's illegal application of the riot law, plans to bring suit for false arrest.

WE SINCERELY HOPE that the outcome of the Dempsey-Tunney fight is as much a triumph of mind over matter as it has been represented to be. Mr. Tunney has been heralded as the only heavyweight champion who ever read "The Way of All Flesh," and in these days when the taste of Presidents runs to vaudeville and detective stories it is something to have the cause of culture triumph in the prize-ring. Unfortunately, certain cynical reporters insist that, his reputation as a highbrow notwithstanding, the new champion hesitates a little over all words of more than three syllables, but others represent him as deeply versed in metaphysics and according to one story a spectator in the arena remarked that this extraordinary boxer "could discuss Kant with ease." To this a companion replied: "Then he must be good, because that's more than Kant could do," thus illustrating the fact that in these days even the fans are contemplative men. In any event Mr. Tunney's fist seems to have appealed to Mr. Dempsey with all the force of a categorical imperative.

Hugh Cooper Touches a Dream

DURING the last years of his active life Nicolai Lenin was probably the busiest man in Europe, but somehow he managed to find time for day-dreams. His pet dream related to millions of kilowatts of electrical energy. It envisaged Russia's immense storages of coal and heat and water-power—particularly the potential 65,000,000 horse-power running to waste in Russian rivers—harnessed to work for the communal society of his vision. When Soviet troops were holding a dozen fronts, and adventurous Czarist generals, financed by our best civilized governments, were hemming in the Soviet armies, when Russia apparently lay in ruins and starvation stalked across the steppes, when in the city a bushel-basket of paper rubles would hardly buy a few crusts of bread, Lenin found time in the course of his overcrowded 24-hour workday to preach his dream of an electrified Russia, and he even drafted the foremost engineering authorities of the country to produce the most ambitious plans for federal superpower development that Europe had ever seen. Matter-of-fact persons indulged in considerable ribaldry about the little visionary in the Kremlin and his paper electrification.

Now Lenin lies dead under the Kremlin wall these several years, but his dream is assuming reality. On the peat fields of Moscow province, along the racing Volkhov east of Leningrad, in the coal basin of the Don, on the marshes of Balakhna near Nizhni-Novgorod, in the Caucasus, in a half dozen other places where before was nothing, great regional power-plants of concrete and steel have risen. The other day news dispatches from Moscow set forth that Hugh L. Cooper, whose designs have added more than 1,500,000 kilowatts to America's hydroelectric-power development, was returning to the United States to lay before his financial associates the terms of a concession from the Soviet Government for the construction on the Dnieper River, in Soviet Ukraine, of the most powerful hydroelectric development yet attempted in Europe.

The power plant which is the center of this plan is to have an ultimate capacity of 455,000 kilowatts. It will feed power to a good part of the southern mining district of the Soviet Union, which furnishes 75 per cent of the coal mined in Russia, 70 per cent of the iron, and a large proportion of the manganese, and also contains heavily developed chemical and dye industries. The project involves collateral plans for the irrigation of four and a half million acres and the construction of a considerable system of inland waterways. The cost will be $75,000,000. Colonel Cooper was attracted to the plan during the visit of a commission of five hydroelectric engineers from the Soviet Union last spring. They came primarily to study the larger power developments of the United States, but incidentally they carried in their briefcases the plans for the Dnieper project, so fully worked out that they commanded the high admiration of some of our foremost hydroelectric authorities.

The Dnieper project, still in the paper stage, is but one link in the superpower chain already under way in the Soviet Union. The building began in the days when the country was still struggling with starvation. In 1917 Russian electric-power stations engaged in general public service had a total capacity of 396,000 kilowatts. Factory plants and others not in general public service provided about a million kilowatts more. In all Russia there was only one plant rated as high as 20,000 kilowatts. By the close of this year plants engaged in general public service will be producing close to a million kilowatts, an increase of 150 per cent. Virtually all this gain has been made in the past three years, during which time the federal Government has squeezed $100,000,000 out of its budgets for superpower construction. The budget for the fiscal year beginning October 1, 1926, appropriates nearly $50,000,000 more. During the next two years ten existing superpower plants will have their power capacities increased by 260,000 kilowatts, and three new stations will add another 70,000 kilowatts. This is exclusive of the Dnieper plant. Last year electric power consumption in the Soviet Union reached 3,000,000,000 kilowatt hours, and per capita consumption in Moscow was 202 kilowatt hours or 225 per cent of the pre-war figure.

Thus Lenin's dream gathers momentum as one by one the dark Russian villages blaze into sudden light. Increasing orders for turbines and generators and other high-power electric apparatus flow to London and Berlin and Prague. The consuls and commercial agents from these capitals in Moscow miss no tricks in keeping in advance of this lucrative business—while members of our hard-headed "business administration" in Washington still peer timidly under their beds for synthetic bolsheviks invented during the merry days of Palmer and Daugherty to distract public attention, while they try to sell Muscle Shoals and other American power projects to gentlemen whose primary interest is to make money out of them.

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Bad Manners at Geneva

VISCOUNT CECIL was about to deliver a glowing tribute to the new spirit of peace which had cast such a radiant glow over the September sessions of the League Assembly when the Chinese delegate arose. He asked permission to speak four minutes, obtained it, began with the smiling announcement that the Chinese Government intended to present the League with a Chinese encyclopedia, and then, while the delegates were still beaming with appreciation, proceeded to inform the League of the kind of peace waged by Viscount Cecil's Government on the Yangtze River in the heart of China.

> On July 9 and August 2 and 29 [he said] several British merchant ships sailed up the Yangtze River at full speed, swamping a number of native boats, drowning more than 100 passengers, soldiers, and military officers, and destroying much merchandise.
>
> When the authorities sought to make inquiry a British cruiser appeared and interfered. It threatened the villagers on both shores with cannon. The Chinese authorities were obliged to detain the British merchant vessels, taking the matter up with the British consul at Chungking.
>
> Unfortunately, before the matter was settled, British cruisers arrived at Wanhsien, September 5, and opened fire on the town, destroying a thousand houses, killing a thousand civilians, and a hundred gendarmerie. . . .
>
> The incident has assumed international importance, threatening the peace of the Far East. Consequently I am making the facts known to the Assembly.

The Chinese delegate sat down. Viscount Cecil arose. "In heated terms" he denounced "this strange course of procedure." The Chinese delegate, it seems, should have informed the British of his intentions beforehand. Chao Hsin-chu's course was "undiplomatic." Scant attention was paid by Viscount Cecil or by the assembled delegates to the questions, What had been done on the Yangtze, what could be done to prevent further slaughter, whether the prevailing state of "peace" in the Far East was in fact menaced. The Geneva state of mind was probably accurately described by the serious correspondent of the New York *Times* who reported that

> There is no question in the mind of anybody that the Chinese have the right to present to the League any situation which they consider dangerous to peace. But it is considered bad judgment on their part to break the rules of the Assembly and beg four minutes' time on the agenda immediately before the British delegate's reading of a carefully prepared statement on disarmament and make a discourse on a matter which they do not intend to follow up. The prestige of Chao is held to be irreparably ruined.

And there you have the vice of the Anglo-Saxon mind in a nutshell. It does not matter what one says or does, but one must do it in the best form and according to the international book of etiquette.

Chao Hsin-chu was right, we believe, in shocking Geneva. The world needs a little shock if it is not to suffer a big shock in China. When an American tourist is killed by Mexican bandits in the hills of Morelos, it is front-page news; when the fact leaks out that an American explorer was killed by Eskimos ten years ago, that is worth a three-column head on the front page; when seven Englishmen are killed in a battle in which a thousand Chinese are slaughtered, the Englishmen's death is cabled round the world while the murder of the Chinese remains hidden in the obscurity of the back pages until an undiplomatic Chao Hsin-chu, egged on to his violation of the rules of etiquette by an excited delegation of young Chinese students, interrupts the pacific benisons of Viscount Cecil with a warning that the East is angry.

America in particular needs a shock. We bask in the comfortable belief that we are conciliating China while the Navy Department orders more and more warships to Hankow, 600 miles up the Yangtze, where the anti-foreign feeling is today at the boiling-point. An international navy is gradually assembling at that center of trouble, and the official American policy of cooperating with the alien Powers in China means that any trouble between British or Japanese and Chinese may readily be transformed into trouble for America too. According to recent reports the Japanese now have two cruisers, two torpedo-boat destroyers, and nine gunboats in the Yangtze; the British, in addition to their regular flotilla, have detached twelve warships from the Mediterranean fleet and sent them steaming for China, as if determined upon trouble; our own gunboat Pigeon was fired upon, with three American sailors wounded, when passing Hanyang, above Hankow, on September 19; two additional destroyers, the Truxton and the Peary, reached Hankow on September 24, escorted through the danger zone by the destroyers Pillsbury and Ford; and the American merchant ships, persisting in the attempt to do business as usual at whatever human cost, have drawn fire in the Upper Yangtze, with some casualties among the Chinese crews. And this international naval concentration, be it remembered, will, whatever its official excuse, be regarded by the Chinese as in support of the British demand for redress for the seven British "heroes" killed at Wanhsien, where British guns razed a thousand Chinese homes and mowed down men, women, and children alike!

What is the League of Nations for, if not to hear such protests as that of Chao Hsin-chu? What does diplomatic procedure mean if it closes the ears of the world to news of the bitterness which is brewing in China? The menace of an inter-continental war, of a gigantic inter-race conflict is no longer the plaything of wild dreamers; it is being driven closer to reality every time the Western Powers unite to force awakening China to her official knees. China is no longer the China of Boxer days, or even of the days of the Washington Conference. It is a nation of four hundred million people, torn by civil wars in the course of which it has been learning to fight, and embittered by decades of white arrogance.

The days of the Western flotillas in the Yangtze River are numbered; for the new China will not tolerate such intrusions of Western power into the heart of the nation. Hankow has just been taken by Chiang Kai-shek, generalissimo of the forces of the Nationalist Government of Canton, and his Southern army is winning new victories in every direction. Part of its success is no doubt attributable to its superior military training; most of it is due to the fact that it is the one army in China which is loyal not to an individual but to a cause. The Canton Government has for a year and a quarter maintained a boycott of British

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goods in the rich markets of South China and has sapped the strength of the British merchant fortress of Hongkong: it sweeps northward because it has expressed the new national pride and the Chinese people recognize in it a loyalty to China which they cannot find in the armies subsidized by Britain and by Japan. Let America, before she permits herself to be drawn into the coming conflict, profit by the warning of Chao Hsin-chu. The first step is to withdraw our navy from the Yangtze.

China seems a remote land of perfumed romance, less important to us than the Macedonian minorities or the Polish corridor. Geneva—and the rest of us—may wake up soon to discover that while studying etiquette it neglected something more important—the peace of the world.

The Fake of the Century

IT was advertised by the daily newspapers, without charge, as "the fight of the century." The New York *Evening Post*, heir to the journalistic ideals of Alexander Hamilton, William Cullen Bryant, Henry Villard, and Carl Schurz, sent nine sport "experts," artists, and feature writers to report the stupendous event. The New York *Times* (which had leased a house for its staff, under a special city editor, to cover the Hall-Mills murder) was not to be outdone; it sent ten men, one of them an outsider hired for the emergency. The other papers displayed similar zeal and initiative. The World War was not so thoroughly reported, because, apparently, it was not "the fight of the century." The Dempsey-Tunney bout was that.

The New York *World* got out a "fight extra," so labeled in 60-point type, about this commercial event. It devoted to it five pages and an editorial—it sent up "huzzas for the new champion," although the "likable" and "picturesque" Dempsey had "become a sort of legend with us, a superhuman colossus of brawn." The *World* would refuse its news columns to any other commercial enterprise. George Ed Smith paid a pretty penny for the radio rights, as a means of advertising the Royal Typewriter; yet neither Heywood Broun nor Ringside Lardner nor Hype Igoe nor Dudley Nichols nor Benny Leonard nor Gertrude Lynahan nor George Daley nor any of the anonymous drudges who helped these luminaries describe the fight for the *World* gave the Royal Typewriter as much as a line. The *Times* devoted 5,000 words to a supposedly verbatim report of the radio account, without mentioning George Ed Smith, whose money paid to get the account into the *Times* office.

Yet the newspapers helped Tex Rickard sell to a gullible public for two million dollars a thirty-minute exhibition of inefficiency by "the Manassa Mauler." They spoke of Rickard in terms of adulation not unmixed with awe. He was "the master mind," the "greatest fight promoter," as the *World* said under an eight-column headline. The *Herald Tribune* joined the chorus. The others told us to what a high plane this merchant of uppercuts had brought his business. All announced, a week before the fight, that Dempsey himself was unable to buy seats for his friends, when, as a cub reporter could have learned had he wished, there were thousands of seats for sale up to the last moment. These included what Rickard called "ringside" places, forty rows from the arena. On the day of the fight speculators were hawking tickets on the streets of Philadelphia, some at a discount, and there were plenty of others to be had at the box office.

How does such a merchant get free space in the newspapers? The *Times*, for instance, boasts of its scrupulous supervision over its paid advertising. It printed the story about Dempsey's inability to buy seats; why is it less meticulous about such free—and false—advertising? The answer may lie in the fact that Rickard stages occasions which make possible a huge temporary factitious inflation of circulation. The newspapers promote Rickard's promotions in order to promote their own sales, whereby they may fatten their charges for paid advertising.

In reporting the fight the *Times* was not perceptibly worse or better than other papers, including the picture tabloids. But it has emitted recently such a vigorous blast about its preeminence as an impresario of real news that it has earned the right to special attention. Its first page told us that Tunney flew to the match in an airplane; a similar headline noted that the Geneva conference had accepted, with reservations, the American reservations on entering the World Court. Its first page reported with equal conscientiousness the fact that Tunney wore a "scarlet-trimmed blue dressing-gown" and that the loss from the Florida storm was $165,000,000. The main headline upon the fight consists of three eight-column "banner" lines; when the armistice was signed, ending the World War, on the same day that Berlin was seized by revolutionists and the Kaiser fled to Holland, the *Times* gave four eight-column "banners" to these world-shaking events—one more line than to the prize-fight. Such is the pattern held up by our Petronius of the press.

We do not regard prize-fighting as more brutalizing, say, than football. Probably both should be reported within reasonable bounds. But when we find choice first-page space being given over to worshipful drivel about biceps and dressing-gowns, when newspapers lend themselves unanimously to plain fakery, they deepen the distrust and suspicion of the press already dangerously prevalent.

Crime and Punishment

HE had always been a good son, a faithful student, a hard worker—the judge said as much at the trial. He owed his firm $168—not a sum to set empires shaking; he was such an utter fool as to try to repair his losses by holding up cheap restaurants in the middle of the night. Seven hold-ups; an old army pistol—though "he wouldn't ever have shot it at anybody"; proceeds, less than a hundred dollars. He was to have been married on September 29; instead, at the age of twenty-three, he is in Sing Sing, serving the first days of a sentence of twenty-five to forty years in prison! And the republic is saved from another predatory and rapacious character.

The judge who pronounced this cruel sentence was within his legal rights. The new Baumes law permits heavy penalties for robbery with a pistol. Under the same law one of the "cry-baby bandits," who have figured so largely in the New York newspaper headlines, is now serving a term of twenty-five years, at the termination of which he will begin a life term, and the other five will complete terms of seventeen and one-half to thirty-five years and then begin additional sentences of from forty years to life.

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Grotesque—except that these years have to do with human beings; incredible—except to the men who will watch the days turn past with the slowness of prison days; those fortunate enough to be out of jail will never see and probably never give a thought to the men inside. They will pay board for them, to be sure; but that burden on the taxpayer will be absorbed along with all the other burdens. And the republic, we repeat, will be preserved, because these desperate and bloodthirsty men are not at large.

The imposition of sentences like these plainly shows that the "crime-wave" stories and the blaring editorials in the newspapers charging the courts with laxity are getting on the nerves of the judges and legislators. And when the "crime wave" is not checked by sending young criminals to prison for life, as it assuredly will not be, there is no telling what lengths fear for their jobs and perhaps also honest concern for the safety of the commonwealth will drive our worthy law-enforcers. A few months ago Judge Mancuso, who has done his share of sentencing, discovered a panacea that would cure banditry forever. Let every citizen be armed, said this second Solomon, and we shall have no more crime. Without in the least intending to do so, His Honor put his finger square on one of the chief causes of lawlessness. Let every policeman be *dis*armed, and let no citizen find it possible to purchase a revolver, with or without a license, and there is no doubt that the number of hold-ups and murders will be more than cut in half. To enter a shop, demand the contents of the cash register, and depart unscathed with the spoils has become an easy matter—when done at the point of a pistol. Unarmed, how many "bandits" would risk the chance of a broken head for a few dollars? The armed man has the bravery of a coward; and to resist him is as foolhardy as it is dangerous. But the policeman carries a gun too. The robber feels obliged to be at least as well protected as his most persistent enemy. There would still be a few automobile thieves who would get away because the policeman could not shoot at them; but fewer innocent bystanders would be the victims of arguments between criminals and the police, fewer policemen would be killed in the line of duty, fewer members of a gang sent to the electric chair because one of them had made a fatal mistake with a gun.

There is, of course, another side to the business of sentencing men to jail. A few years ago there was a simple formula for dealing with criminals: steal a loaf of bread and you were hanged; steal a kingdom and you lived to enjoy the spoils. Nor is this so far from true today. The unfortunate young man whose seven hold-ups netted him less than a hundred dollars will spend half a lifetime behind bars; the New York milk inspector who accepted a bribe of $2,000 and permitted a shipment of untested cream to be admitted to the city and sold to unsuspecting customers will languish in Sing Sing for from three and one-half to ten years. Of the two, which did more harm, which committed the greater crime? Further, the gentlemen high in the offices of the government who were clever enough to give away hundreds of millions of dollars of government property—Teapot Dome, for example—far from being in jail, are enjoying life as much as the proceeds from their generosity permits them to do. Foolish bandits, who do not recognize these things. There are those, of course, who maintain that all "bandits" are foolish—that they are even a little defective mentally. That bad food and poor surroundings and a crowded home and an insufficient education and no training for any sort of honest living make "bandits" as surely as stables make flies. But these persons are doubtless cranks. It is as plain as the nose on your face that what we want is to treat criminals rough; then we won't have any more criminals.

At least we are having ample opportunity to test this splendid theory.

Taking Life Seriously

ENGLAND takes its Gilbert and Sullivan seriously. Forty years have made "The Mikado" as sacred as Parliament or Ale, and when a new production, costumed in novel fashion, opened recently at the Princess Theater, London, the sounder members of the audience raised horrified hands to heaven and asked what the world was coming to. A few light-minded persons pointed out that the piece was not, in itself, marked by ethnological exactitude and that the original costumes treated the Japanese mode with some freedom, but those who had the good of England at heart refused to be distracted by the impertinence of the giddy. Time makes even jokes solemn, and your true conservative likes to know where he is even when he laughs. Is it unreasonable to suppose, they seem to feel, that he who would approve a break with the tradition of "The Mikado" would look with favor upon revolution in church and state as well? Only a few weeks ago the newspapers seriously discussed a mad proposal that the rules of cricket be modified, and who could doubt that these two phenomena were inspired by the same subterranean intrigues? Open treason can be seen and dealt with; it is in those insidious influences which sap the spiritual foundation of a nation's greatness that the real danger lies. What would the outward forms of Parliament and navy avail an England deprived of her beer and beef, vulgarized by a too American cricket, and corrupted by a Gilbert whom impious hands had perverted? As Lady Bracknell once remarked, "It reminds one of the worst excesses of the French Revolution, and everybody knows what *that* unfortunate movement led to."

Since we in these United States have fewer traditions we are less watchful of them, but in other respects we are quite as keen-eyed as our brothers across the sea. Sooner or later some Japanese-American Chamber of Commerce or some League of the Loyal Sons of Nippon will, doubtless, enter a righteous protest against the affront which the piece must cause to every right-thinking member of that race. Already certain Jews have demanded that Shylock be banished from the stage, and ministers throughout the length and breadth of the land have protested—not always in vain—against the insult hurled at them by the play "Rain." The Mikado is a figure sanctified by religious as well as political affections and no Lord High Executioner ever comported himself in a manner even faintly like that suggested in the play. In a country as sensitive as ours has come to be, should such a wanton affront to the feelings of a sister nation be permitted? How would you feel, the Legion might inquire, if some dark-skinned man should make equally free with figures sacred to us—with Mr. Bryan, say, or Mr. Coolidge? Doubtless, frivolity and cynicism might make even them seem, to people devoid of reverence and ignorant of the facts, ridiculous or fantastic.

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My Black Brother Mafeking

By WYNANT DAVIS HUBBARD

"HOW old are you, Mafeking?"

"Inkos?"

"How many Christmases have you?"

"I know not, Inkos. My father is so young he kills elephants for Letia. I cannot eat whole grain; I have no teeth. My son has white hair. I am an old man."

As a matter of fact, Mafeking was probably about forty-five years old. He was a magnificent Negro, chest like a bull, small hips, straight legs. He stood about five feet ten. On his face he had tattooed spearheads in blue ink. Down his nose ran a straight line of navy blue. For over a year he had been my chief hunter.

It seems longer, but it was a little over a year ago that I hired him. He had been working for a man on the next farm to mine at Tara in Northern Rhodesia. On a Sunday afternoon Mafeking came down to my house with several Barotse natives and danced. I have never seen anything like it before or since. It was a pantomime. The story of an old woman left alone with a young child. As the giant Negro revolved and danced it was clear even to me that the old woman was alone, that she hunted and dug roots for the child, brought them out and after pounding them made a gruel for the child which kept it alive. The sobbing child quieted down. The old woman, shriveled and worn, gazed at the fire. Then she too lay down. Perhaps it was the soft singing of the natives and the haunting music of the n'piras, but I could see it all. Even the little fire glowed before my eye. Such was the dance of Mafeking, the greatest hunter I have known.

We moved to Choma in October. It was a farming community of about thirty souls, counting the women and all the children. Game is scarce and wild close in, but Mafeking averaged three duiker antelope a week. He was so regular that we counted on his meat as on a store.

A year later I decided to make a trip into Portuguese East Africa. We were to go from Choma to Shamwa in Southern Rhodesia by rail. From there it was a four-hundred-mile walk overland to the Ruia River. I wanted to take some of my old natives with me as cooks, nurse-boys, trackers, and hunters. The problem was to sort out the very best. Of all the sixty then working for me, only a dozen were unsuited for the trip. But they all wanted to go. I could not afford to pay the railway fare for sixty natives no matter how much I liked them, so I put a proposition up to them. If they wanted to go with me to Portuguese East I would take five of them with me on the railroad and would wait outside Shamwa for any others who would walk overland to join us. It was more than a thousand miles, over mountains and through swamps and across the Zambesi. Sixteen were game and decided to make the trip. Mafeking offered to lead them, so I gave him tobacco and salt to trade for food on the journey, a little money, passes for them all, and my best dogs, including four puppies three weeks old.

Thirty miles outside Shamwa on the Mazoe River we set up camp and prepared to wait. Three weeks passed and I began to wonder if anything had happened. Another week passed and I sent boys up toward the Zambesi to meet Mafeking and tell him I was waiting. They returned without word, but with bad news of the country. Starvation was rampant everywhere. The valley natives were living on wild roots and grass, the old women had been driven out of the villages to fall a prey to hyenas.

I sent Manjineera into Shawma with telegrams to all the Native Commissioners to be on the lookout for sixteen natives. I guaranteed to pay any money which might be advanced to Mafeking to help him along. Still I had no word.

Then one day a telegram came telling me that my boys had turned up in Sinoia, sixty miles away. They had been told where I was and sent on. I was jubilant. My faith had not been misplaced. They were coming. How I needed them. Boys for safari work were hard to get and time was pressing. Soon the season of the year when water was scarce would be with us. The boys' arrival would mean that we could start. Five slow days dragged past. Then one afternoon Tickie rushed to the tent. "Inkos, Inkos, they are coming."

He did not need to tell me who. I dropped my work and rushed out. There down the dusty lumber trail came a line of laden natives. But they were not singing. Something was the matter. There was a droop to the shoulders and a weariness about them I never associate with my Barotse. Silently they filed into camp and stood in front of me. Tears coursed down my cheeks. I understood. Dilated eyes stared at me from shrunken and fallen cheeks. My husky boys had vanished. Instead, sixteen emaciated, trembling natives wearily slung their loads from blistered, bleeding shoulders and without a word turned toward the camp. There were five dogs left. Only the strongest had survived that trip. Skin and bones were all that were left. Then a little crate caught my eye. I walked over. Two of the puppies! Mewing and whimpering they cuddled against each other in a vain effort to find food and comfort. I let them out. They could not walk. I looked at the other bundle, nothing but mats. Where were all the blankets, the extra coats, the calabashes which I knew the boys possessed?

"Inkos, we have arrived."

It was Mafeking. What a world of weariness and patience in his voice! A lump rose in my throat. His coat no longer seemed to be bursting at the seams. What was left of it hung in ribbons on a frame gaunt with hunger. Where were those tremendous shoulders I had so often envied? His hands trembled as he played with the battered remnants of a sun-helmet. I spoke to him.

"I have looked for you and looked for you. It is good that you have come. I have shot a sable. There are no rations tonight. Tell the boys to take all the meal and meat they want."

"Thank you, Inkos."

That would have been all, but I called them up in the evening and listened to Mafeking's story.

"Inkos, it was far, it was very far. When you had gone Bwana Stanley took away all the tobacco and salt which you had given us for food on the road. He said we were thieves. He said that we would not come to you."

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"What? Bwana Stanley took all the n'pasha I gave you? What was the trouble?"

"There was no trouble, Inkos. He said we had stolen, so he took it for his store."

"What did you do?"

"We came. At Shamaruba we killed an ox. It was one of nine, very fat. We walked and we walked. The mountains, we climbed like this. (Holding his arms straight in the air.) From the top we saw the Zambesi. Six days later we reached the water. There was no food. All the men were in the bush looking for leaves to eat. At a village two handfuls of meal for a ten shilling blanket."

"Did you go to Bunybunyama?"

"Indeed, Inkos. It is not good there. Lions walk in the paths. Elephants walk everywhere. All the time you see elephants and buffalo. It is very hot. It is not a good place."

"How did you cross the Zambesi?"

"A boy brought us over in a dug-out. Very expensive. One boy one shilling. This side no food. We walked and we walked. No food. We ate grass. For ten days we ate grass and water. Two dogs died there. All our blankets were gone. We sold them all. We arrived at Sinoia. We told the Bwana we wanted food. We worked in the stable. For one day's work we got one cup of meal."

"Did you tell the Bwana you were my boys? I beat on the wire and spoke to him. He knew that you were coming."

"He told us that you were far, that it would be better to work at Sinoia. Another Bwana came and offered us a pound a month to work for him. He wanted Barotse. He told us that you would not wait for us."

"Why did you not work for him? I can only pay you ten shillings?"

"Inkos, you are our father. We like you. We have stayed a long time with you. We are your boys."

"How long did you stay at Sinoia?"

"Four suns. Then we came to Shamba. We went to the station. The Bwana told us that you had taken a wagon and gone to the Mazoe. He did not know that you had stayed. Perhaps you had gone again."

"Why did you not go to the Native Commissioner?"

"We said perhaps he would want us to work in the mine. We spoke with the natives. One told us that Manjineera had come for the post two days before. We knew then that you were waiting, so we came here."

"Tomorrow come back. If you have sold a blanket for meal, I will give one to replace it. If you have sold a shirt, I will give a shirt. If you have sold money, I will give money. Also tomorrow I will pay you. You have done well. You are indeed my brother."

A week later we were ready to start on our long overland journey. The Barotse had recovered some of their strength. It had been a hard spot in which to collect natives to carry. We had only some sixty-odd all told. They were the riff-raff of the country. Scoundrels and loafers, too bad or too well known to get work in the mines. But I knew that with the Barotse as a special guard and driving force the safari would go. The Barotse are well known for their habit of strangling men until their eyes pop out. All of my men were huge. They were devoted and I knew that rather than see me go under they would die themselves.

It was a terrible trip. The country was stony and impossible. The natives were unfriendly. When we arrived at a village the women hid the waterholes and would sell us water only at the enormous price of a yard of calico for one pot, three-quarters full. One night we tried to best them. We located the water, but it was the cattle drinking-pool. We shared it with them. It tasted awful. It smelled worse, but when boiled up with tea we made believe and gulped it down. Food was very hard to get and when obtainable ruinous in price. At one village I forced a woman at the point of a pistol to go into her hut and bring out the meal I needed so badly. At the Portuguese border we entered a country so wild and so little known that white men we met later would not believe we had traversed it.

The first night across the border we camped at a village at the edge of the Luia River. During the night the crash of elephants pulling down trees resounded on all sides. A lion roared. Leopards were coughing and grunting in the reed. It was a wonderful spot for game. So I decided to spend a day and see if we couldn't shoot meat to trade for meal. Our cash was giving out, our cloth had long ago gone. Mafeking went one way, I went another, and scattered over the rest of the country was every native who claimed he could handle a gun. I hunted all morning. Buffalo were numerous. I plugged at them until about one o'clock. Then the sun hit me and I collapsed. Mafeking went down to water and met five lions, but you can't eat lion, so he didn't shoot. He too spent all his time after buffalo. They were too cute for him. The only man to get anything among all the eight of us was Sieve. He shot a waterbuck cow. I tried to trade some of it for meal, but the head man of the village would have none of it. Among sixty natives an antelope weighing four hundred pounds doesn't go far. We divided it as equally as we could. Even the skin was cut up into strips and handed out. The boys went off. There was an undercurrent of mutiny in the air. I called up the head man again.

"What do you want for your meal? I have sugar, that I will sell you."

"Inkos, the women will not sell. They have not enough. Perhaps if the Inkos had cloth they would sell a little."

I conferred with my wife. Cloth? We had no cloth. We had sold the last of it days before, but there were sheets. Good linen sheets. We tore them up and sold them at the price we would sell the cheapest calico. For them we got a little meal. I was trying again to sell the sugar, but Shilling, one of the Barotse, heard me.

"Inkos, don't sell that sugar."

"But, Shilling, perhaps I can get meal for you. I have no more cloth. There is very little money."

"It does not matter, Inkos. If we have no food we die. But it doesn't matter. We are black boys. The Inkos and the Missus and the little Bosses must not die." The old man drove off the head boy and returned to his fire.

I was sitting in my deck chair wondering what to do. Behind me in the two tents slept my two little boys, one-and-a-half and three years old. My wife was sitting on her bed. On one side of the huge fire were grouped my twenty-one Barotse. Suddenly one of the forty natives got up and coming over stood in front of me.

"Inkos, I want to leave."

"What is the trouble?" I asked wearily.

"There is no food. It is far to Tete. There are many lions on the road. I do not know these natives. Perhaps they will kill me on my return."

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"Pocket, I cannot keep you, I am too tired to give you a hiding. Go."

He started toward the gate leading out of the little inclosure of the camp. No sooner had he disappeared into the darkness than I heard a yell. Back through the gate Pocket came flying. After him were Saiman, my huge animal tamer, and Manjineera, my ex-cannibal gun-bearer. They caught him and dragged him in front of me.

"Inkos, did you tell this baboon, this son of a hyena, that he could leave?"

"Yes. He gives so much trouble that it isn't worth while to beat him. I threw him out."

All the natives had jumped to their feet. They crowded around me in a menacing circle. I heard murmurs about hunger, the lack of meal, the distance to Tete, and threats that all forty would decamp. I looked at my Barotse. They stood glowering and sullen behind me. Pocket broke away from his captors and made a dash for the door. Pandemonium broke loose. Jack grabbed a stone as big as his head and nearly broke the boy's arm as he dodged out the gate. Manjineera threw a knobkerrie and caught him square in the back. Down he went and Manjineera, pouncing on him, proceeded to beat him up. That was the signal. The forty natives rushed us. Into them piled the Barotse with knobkerries, spears, sticks, stones, kettles, picks, anything they could use as a weapon. It was a savage free-for-all. Into the fire they milled, yelling and cursing. I piled into it. Somebody hit me on the jaw. I found Johnnie and Peter strangling a native against one of the huts. I separated them, not forgetting to land the mutineer a hearty wallop of my own in the process. Suddenly there was quiet. The forty natives cowered, beaten, in a corner. In front of them stood Mafeking. He held up his hand.

"Baboons, I, Mafeking, Mafeking the Barotse, speak to you. Do you want to leave our Boss, our Missus, the little Bosses alone? Who is going to carry the packs which you drop? Is it that you have no food that you would do this? Listen, Mafeking, the Barotse, talks to you. I have not known the Boss for a long time. One year only have I worked for him. But he has been my brother. When I was sick he gave me medicine. When I needed money for my hut tax he gave me money. When I wanted food he gave me food. Then he left the place where we were working. He said to me, 'Mafeking, I give you my dogs, and I give you these sixteen boys. Bring them to me at Shamwa. I will wait for you there.' Two months we walked on the road. We ate grass like cattle. The dogs died. A Bwana offered us a pound to work for him. The big chief in the Boma asked us 'Why is it that you walk so far to find this white man? Why do you not work here, where food is plentiful?' We told him. Our Boss is not like other men: he is our brother. He waits for us at Shamwa. We must go. You know the Barotse. The men of Lewanika have never been beaten in battle. I, Mafeking, hunter for Lewanika, tell you that if you desert our Boss we will strangle you until your eyes pop out. We, the Barotse, say this."

There was dead silence for a few minutes; then Sieve, the leader of the mutiny, stood up.

"Inkos, we have made a mistake. We will work."

It was over. The next morning the beds were taken apart, the tents rolled up, and the horses loaded quicker than ever before. We snapped out of camp and made forty miles before sunset. Such a man was my black brother Mafeking.

George Washington—The Image and the Man

By W. E. WOODWARD*

II. Gunpowder and Petticoats

WASHINGTON'S defeat and the French occupation of the Ohio territory had stirred the British Government to action. They had resolved on a general war with France—the skirmish at Fort Necessity was looked upon as merely an impromptu clash—and Braddock's landing at Alexandria with two half-regiments was the first move.

* * * * *

To this Alexandria camp came Colonel George Washington, dining with the officers, dancing at the balls, and looking with a wistful eye at the preparations.

He had left the service the year before because of an order issued by the British War Office to the effect that provincial officers, of whatever rank, should be subordinated to any officer holding a King's commission. It was not clever of the King's government to have done that—but the King's government was not clever in several other ways.

"You make mention," Washington wrote to a colonial official, "of my continuing in the service, and retaining my colonel's commission. This idea has filled me with surprise; for, if you think me capable of holding a commission that has neither rank nor emolument annexed to it, you must entertain a very contemptible opinion of my weakness, and believe me to be more empty than the commission itself. . . . Yet my inclinations are strongly bent to arms."

There can be no doubt that he wanted to take a part in these military operations, but his desire to preserve his dignity was even greater than his martial ardor.

Braddock's thinking was a sort of mental operation by which several antecedent prejudices were combined to form a new prejudice. He thought about colonial soldiers and had a boundless contempt for them. Nevertheless, some appreciation of Washington's soldierly qualities trickled through his airtight mind and he invited him to join the expedition. Braddock had no authority to give a commission higher than that of a captain, and Washington insisted on being a colonel or nothing. The matter was finally settled by Braddock making Washington his personal aide-de-camp. In this position he was outside the military hierarchy and was called colonel by courtesy.

* * * * *

On May 14, 1755, he wrote to Mrs. Sally Fairfax from Fort Cumberland, where Braddock's column was resting on its way to Fort Duquesne, that he has found out why

* This is the second of three instalments from the book "George Washington—The Image and the Man," to be published by Boni and Liveright on October 15. A final instalment will appear next week.

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Mrs. Wardrope is a favorite with the general. The cause of the fascination she exercises, he assures his correspondent, is "nothing less than a present of delicious cake and potted wood-cocks."

Mrs. Fairfax seems not to have replied to this letter, but in June Washington takes his pen in hand again, and says to Mrs. Sally:

> Dear Madam: When I had the happiness to see you last you expressed an inclination to be informed of my safe arrival in camp with the Charge that was intrusted to my care [he means the army's pay, which he conveyed to Fort Cumberland], but at the same time desired it might be communicated in a letter to somebody of your acquaintance.

How stilted and formal these Virginia gentlefolk were in their philandering! Wants to hear from him, but pretends that she wants him to write, not to her, but to somebody of her acquaintance. Of course, she was a married woman—and, in that day, married women were not supposed to correspond with young men.

> This I took as a gentle rebuke and a polite manner of forbidding my corresponding with you; and conceive this opinion is not illy founded when I reflect that I have hitherto found it impracticable to engage one moment of your attention.

A mere form of speech; he has known her very well for seven years.

> If I am right in this, I hope you will excuse the present presumption and lay the imputation to elateness at my successful arrival. If, on the contrary, these are fearful apprehensions only, how easy it is to remove my suspicions, enliven my spirits, and make me happier than the day is long by honouring me with a correspondence which you did once partly promise to do. . . .

Mrs. Sally Fairfax was a tall, handsome brunette, and is said to have been very attractive. There is some faint reason to believe that she encouraged Washington to read books, and that she talked to him on the subjects which are of interest to cultured people.

He acted occasionally in amateur plays, in which she also appeared. Mrs. Fairfax was probably a woman of virtue, though the extremely slippery nature of this quality always gives it an air of uncertainty. I think that Washington had been in love with her from the time he first met her, but had never told her so. She was his friend's wife; and that alone, unless I am greatly in error as to his character, would have prevented him from revealing his affection in any definite manner.

In those days men only were supposed to possess individuality or to have desires. Men owned their wives; and to be very friendly with another man's wife was not only bad morals but also bad manners.

* * * * *

Before Braddock had left England somebody in London had written to Lord Fairfax, describing Braddock as a general devoid of "both fear and common sense." By the time the expedition had reached Will's Creek—then renamed Fort Cumberland—the colonial officers with the column realized vividly that the common-sense part of this observation was true. They were soon to learn that the fear part was equally accurate.

* * * * *

On July 9, 1755, the first column had crossed the Monongahela, and was proceeding briskly toward Fort Duquesne, which was about ten miles away. General Gage —then a colonel—whom we shall see twenty years later as Washington's adversary on the hills of Boston, was in command of the regiment in front. With the column there was another British officer, Horatio Gates, a red-faced captain, who was destined to rise to eminence in the continental army, and to become Washington's secret enemy.

The route lay through a beautiful country. Beautiful then, but not so beautiful now, for the steel-manufacturing town of Braddock is built on the spot. In winter the bare trees stood on the hilltops against the cold sky like sharp visual music, but on this July day there were no bare trees. Summer poured from the hills in wind-rippled cascades of green. A sea of primeval silence. . . .

* * * * *

Platoons load and fire! Fire at what? At the smiling green woods, still smiling, with the white smoke drifting lazily over the tree tops. Here and there among the leaves appears a painted Indian face or a white French one, but only for a flash, like people peeping from windows.

Down the road there is a swirl of men and plunging cattle . . . and horsemen riding rapidly. General Braddock is coming up . . . and at his side rides Colonel Washington, lean and gaunt, sitting on a pillow instead of a saddle. He has been ill for days, laid up with a fever, and brought along in a covered wagon.

A river of panic flows through the noise and smoke. . . .

But look at the Virginians! They have forgotten all they learned in the instruction camp at Alexandria. Every man of them has left the ranks and is sneaking behind a tree or a rock, or running bent-over along the ground, stalking something in the woods, like a weasel hunter.

General Braddock rides among the Virginians, striking them with his sword, and shouting that they are a disgrace to the British service. He orders them to stand up in the open and fight like white men. They do not pay any attention to him; nobody pays any attention to him. He is everywhere in the confusion of the fight, shouting something or other. A man devoid of both fear and common sense.

Now Colonel Washington shines. He is also without fear, but not without common sense. Of that valuable commodity he and the Virginians appear to possess a monopoly on this occasion. Washington keeps the Virginians in hand. They hold back the enemy while the wreck of Braddock's army races to safety.

A target for a hundred rifles, Washington remains on horseback . . . but not on the same horse, nor on the saddle-pillow. That first horse has long ago been shot down, and the pillow is lost forever to men and museums. He is on his third horse, and there are four bullet holes in his coat. He is unwounded, though. Those whom the gods have kissed cannot die until their destined course is run.

The road is cluttered with pop-eyed fugitives who have thrown away their arms, with wounded horses, with fear-crazed cattle, with overturned wagons, with bleeding men, trampled upon while they were begging piteously to be taken along.

A British officer, writing of this rout, said "the scene beggar'd description." Very likely it did; but description was not the only thing that was beggared. The opinion of Colonel George Washington as to the valor and steadi-

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ness of British troops was reduced to beggary, or worse. A few days after Braddock's defeat, in writing to his mother, he said: "The dastardly behaviour of those they call regulars exposed all others who were inclined to do their duty to almost certain death; and at last, in despite of all the efforts of the officers to the contrary, they ran as sheep pursued by dogs and it was impossible to rally them."

As for General Braddock, he was carried mortally wounded from the field and died two days later. Died of a gun-shot wound and a broken heart, either of which is extremely unpleasant. When both come together they are usually fatal.

* * * * *

When Mary Washington heard of Braddock's disaster she wrote a letter to her son, in which she begged him not to go to the war again. This is his reply:

> Honoured Madam: If it is in my power to avoid going to the Ohio again, I shall; but if the command is pressed upon me, by the general *voice* of the country, and offered upon such terms as cannot be objected against, it would reflect dishonour upon me to refuse; and *that*, I am sure must or *ought* to give you greater uneasiness, than my going in an honourable command, for upon no other terms I will accept of it. At present I have no other proposals made to me, nor have I any advice of such an intention, except from private hands.

He seems to be addressing a public meeting—"general voice"—"command is pressed upon me"—"reflect dishonour"—"upon no other terms."

His letter is naturally supposed to be intimate and confidential—the letter from a son to his mother—but he does not give the name of the person or persons who have told him that he might be appointed to the command.

Several lines above he hands his mother a reproof. He writes "it would reflect dishonour upon me to refuse; and *that* must"—

Then he ponders a moment and decides to put in "or *ought* to give," and underscores the "ought." She may not be uneasy, he thinks, about "dishonour," but he tells her that she ought to be. The haughty tone of this letter reveals quite as much, or more, than its plain, brutal statements. She is informed that she is to have nothing to do with his decision, and he fails to thank her for her solicitude.

It happened that, on the very day he wrote this letter, which was August 14, 1755, he was appointed commander of the Virginia forces, and he rode down to Williamsburg to confer with the governor.

* * * * *

Colonel Daniel Parke Custis, a wealthy gentleman of Virginia, dawdled along as a bachelor until love had ceased to be a passion and had become a duty. Then he married a girl of eighteen, produced two children and died.

The memory of Colonel Custis deserves some recognition from our patriotic societies. He did a great deal for the Father of our Country, though what he did was done unwittingly. Nevertheless, he helped a lot, and we ought not to pass him in silence. He accumulated the largest fortune—or one of the largest—in Virginia, and obligingly departed this life. His widow, thus bereft at an early age, married George Washington and brought her fortune with her.

Washington, who had been one of the Best People all along, as we have seen, thereupon became one of the Very Best People.

Colonel Custis had been dead about a year when his widow—a small, dumpy young woman, with dark eyes and a sharpish nose—went on a visit to her friends the Chamberlaynes, near Williamsburg. This was in May, 1758.

She was a mild young widow, easy to control, and possessing the standard domestic virtues. The streak of romanticism which she had in common with all other women found its solace in the reading of novels about "female jilts" and daring lovers who abducted fabulously attractive young ladies and married them without their consent.

Colonel Washington stopped for a bite to eat at Major Chamberlayne's—everybody was a major or a colonel—and he was in a hurry. That is, he was in as much of a hurry as Virginia courtesy permitted, for he was on his way to Williamsburg to see Governor Fauquier—who was Dinwiddie's successor—about the condition of the troops on the frontier, and he was eager to get back to his military post.

Major Chamberlayne, who had gone on his horse to the ferry to meet Washington, mentioned his guest . . . Mrs. Daniel Parke Custis . . . formerly Miss Martha Dandridge . . . agreeable lady . . . rich . . . slathers of money, slaves, land. . . .

And so, in pleasant converse, they reach the great, airy house, with its cool green blinds softening the hard whiteness of its walls. Under the veranda's tall columns there is a flutter of ladies. Tall leisurely columns and the tall Washington. Servants stand at the horses' heads, and stable boys are astir. Washington hands his riding gloves to his servant; the gravel of the driveway crunches under his feet.

"Mrs. Custis, may I present my friend Colonel Washington"—pause—"of whom you have doubtless heard."

Yes, Mrs. Custis had heard of Colonel Washington. Everybody has. And he had heard of Mrs. Custis, too. In Virginia she was quite as celebrated as George Washington, but in a different way. If he was the bravest man, she was certainly the wealthiest woman.

Only the brave deserve the rich.

It was swift work. The colonel did not go on to Williamsburg that day. The governor and official business had to wait. During the long afternoon he and Mrs. Custis sat alone in a parlor of the Chamberlayne house. Love at first sight.

There had been other suitors for the hand of Martha Custis; there usually are, for the hands of wealthy young widows. Stammering gentlemen, a little dazed by the bright face of gold, falling on their knees, kissing fingertips, reciting memorized speeches, and departing in mawkish confusion.

But Washington was as fearless in the face of gold as he was in the face of danger. The haze of oblivion lies over what he said that afternoon in the Chamberlayne parlor. We do not know what it was, but we know that it was effective.

Next morning he went on to consult the governor. In a few days he started back to the frontier, but stopped for a brief moment at the home of Mrs. Custis, on York River. Immediately thereafter their engagement was announced.

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Calles Is Gaining in Mexico

By CARLETON BEALS

[The Nation *will shortly print an article from Mexico presenting the* impasse *that has developed between church and state as seen from the Roman Catholic point of view.*]

Mexico City, September 16

THE church-state deadlock continues. The state refuses to recede from its position, declaring that it has no alternative but to enforce the existing laws and decrees. The priests remain on strike, but are not idle. Secret masses, house-to-house canvassing, general soliciting of funds, maintenance of the economic boycott—these are their weapons.

Yet now that the emotional smoke raised by the struggle toward the end of July has been dissipated somewhat and the newspapers of the United States are no longer handling an "atrocity story," some rational attempt can be made to clarify the facts and principles involved in the present *impasse.*

From the standpoint of mere power, the Government clearly has the upper hand. Never was the Calles Government more firmly in the saddle. The wave of fanatical fervor which the church stirred up that week prior to the "strike" on August 1 did not crystallize into an armed revolt against the civil authorities. Aside from minor demonstrations, the loss of fewer lives than in an ordinary election, the throwing of stones from church roofs by the *beatas,* the bubble of impending disorders—largely inflated by the American press—completely collapsed. And since that day when the priests walked out, the government seals were placed upon the sacristies, and the churches were placed in the hands of the previously appointed neighborhood committees of ten to be kept open, clean, and illuminated for the faithful, it becomes increasingly evident that the church has lost its one-time hold on the politically organized forces of the country.

Mexico has gone a long way since the bitter wars incident to the Juarez reformation, of which the present crisis is but the epilogue, or even since the days of 1913 when Roman Catholic elements contributed to the armed overthrow of Madero and supported Victoriano Huerta. Nor have the minor measures of the church proved too effective. The economic boycott instituted by the National League of Religious Defense "to paralyze the economic and social life of the country"—while cutting down retail sales of groceries and clothing, in such super-Catholic centers as Guadalajara, nearly 50 per cent—has been largely abortive. Thirteen million people in Mexico have been obliged—partly because of the past attitude of the church—to observe a luxury boycott for four centuries. Three heads of large department stores in Mexico City have informed me that their sales for several weeks fell off about 20 per cent, due, in part, to their own curtailment of advertising, but had since recovered. Similarly, the circular letter sent out by the same league to all the foreign legations and embassies advocating "urgent and vigorous intervention of our brothers, the civilized nations of the entire world," had no more noticeable response than did the efforts of the Knights of Columbus in the United States to upset order in Mexico through trying to have the embargo on arms lifted by President Coolidge. In short, the Government of President Calles has thus far successfully and energetically maintained its position against both internal and foreign dissidents. The position of the church is growing weaker with every day of the present "strike."

The Government insists that its activities have been merely those of law enforcement. The church replies that the July 3 decree which required the priests to register was issued by the President (authorized, it is true, by the constitution and Congress), that he exceeded his powers, that he had no right to invoke the penal code for the enforcement of his decree. Just how violations were to be handled by the authorities the church did not make clear, though at the same time it indicated that the decree would not be obeyed. The church declares the state is attacking religion. The Government denies any intention of discriminating against the Roman Catholic church. The nearest indication of any such spirit of discrimination occurred in a statement of President Calles made some months ago to the effect that foreign Protestant ministers showed greater disposition to obey the law and respect the Mexican sovereignty than the foreign Catholic priests. Even so, numbers of foreign Protestant ministers were arrested and most have left for the United States. All the native Protestant ministers have registered with the municipal authorities and hence have been able to continue at their posts unmolested. The apparent discriminatory character of the present legislation springs largely from the fact that the Roman Catholic church is for all practical purposes a monopoly organization and hence the one most vitally affected. The Catholics make the further claim that the closing of religious schools not only deprives children of proper religious instruction but that the government schools are inadequate for the number of children clamoring for instruction. True. But the Government replies that in a question of law enforcement expediency is not a point of issue. The Government can set off against the 129 primary Catholic schools closed the 4,000 new rural schools, the steady expansion of the city schools, and the pursuit of a vigorous school-building program. Were not the Catholic schools, in not submitting to the law forbidding religious instruction in primary schools, equally responsible in denying the children instruction?

In other words—and this has been constantly blurred—there is in the present struggle, first, the question of law enforcement—the primary obligation of any serious government. Quite over and beyond this is the question as to the justice of the existing constitution and laws. There are instruments for altering the constitution; there are courts for testing the laws. And, finally, there is the whole philosophic and social problem of the nature of religion and its relation with political organization. The general fanfare of emotion, pro and con, has caused these things to be inextricably confused.

One of the outstanding features of the Calles Administration has been the vigorous, almost rigorous, enforcement, through proper regulation, of the constitution of

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1917. This constitution, adopted at the culmination of the reaction against the Diaz and Huerta dictatorial regimes, as a result of the constitutional revolution of Carranza, had never been put into bona fide operation. Carranza was too harassed with the problem of military pacification; Obregon, his successor, was too busy reconciling the various greedy factions and setting in motion reconstructive measures to worry too much about the constitution; only with President Calles has the country entered upon a phase of technically legal administration. It is rather amazing, therefore, to hear the present Government tagged as "a reckless crew of bandits," as in a recent issue of a prominent Roman Catholic publication. President Calles has systematically pushed through Congress laws not merely regulating the churches but carrying out almost every clause of the 1917 constitution—land tenure, petroleum, labor, irrigation, forestry conservation, banking, taxation, rural credits, social insurance, mining, transportation. The church provisions were next in line. Calles, in his message to Congress, the first of this month, announced that other problems of the revolution had demanded prior legal attention but that the Government at no time intended to neglect to put into effect the religious articles of the constitution.

An examination of the constitution and the regulating decree of July 3 reveals that the latter is merely a restatement, in some parts verbatim, of the constitutional provisions, most of which had been already more or less successfully enforced—some for more than seventy years—in order to make their application effective via the penal code. Provisions already established included: Exclusion of all foreign-born ministers (185 have been deported); national ownership of all churches, bishops' palaces, seminaries, convents, etc., these to be used for religious purposes at the discretion of the Government in accordance with the law; the performance of all religious acts within the churches; denial of the right to wear distinctive religious garbs or insignia outside of the churches; no political meetings in churches; denial of the right of ministers through public writings or statements to incite the public to refuse to acknowledge the political institutions or obey the laws; denial of the right to both priests and religious publications to express political views, criticizing the fundamental law or the acts of the authorities; complete laicizing of primary education; dissolution of all religious orders, convents, and monasteries. The additional provision—also previsaged in the constitution—which precipitated the pending "strike," is that requiring registration of the priests. President Calles in recent interviews with the Episcopate declared that this had nothing to do with the actual performance of religious acts, but was necessary if the Government was to keep tab on the administration of the church buildings which are government property. Also, this may be the only practical method by which foreign priests can be kept from resuming their offices.

These represent the leading requirements the Government is in honor bound to uphold. In other words, the present Government can scarcely be criticized for its attempts at law enforcement through the medium of the penal code. The justice or desirability of the laws in question is an entirely distinct issue. I am not unaware that the Roman Catholic church—along with other foreign interests—indicts the whole adoption of the 1917 constitution as illegal, this having occurred at a time of grave national disturbance when the democratic election of the constituents of the Queretaro convention was well-nigh impossible. But three administrations have been founded upon this constitution, all of which were recognized by the United States; it has been the fundamental law of the land for ten years. To impose another constitution would require further force and undemocratic measures.

Personally I do not feel that any man should be torn from his home, arrested, loaded on a train, deported, all in the short span of six hours, as was done in the case of some of the foreign priests. Personally I believe that the restrictions imposed upon religious periodicals with respect to discussion of political problems oversteps the constitutional limits and will prove unenforceable, as is already evidenced by the considerable number of rabid, clandestine anti-Government Roman Catholic sheets that are springing into existence. Yet if the Government has proceeded dictatorially, one must admit that what popular political organization exists is all on its side and not on that of the church. Also, in addition to the immediate necessity for summary state measures, there remain the older historical arguments. These are the monopolistic character of the Roman Catholic church, past and present; its support of reactionary, anti-republican, foreign, and oppressive governments; its hold upon the fanaticism of the ignorant native populations, without any concomitant attempt to improve economic or educational standards; the preponderant influence in the hierarchy of foreign priests; its close affiliation with all the elements opposing the present series of reconstruction governments (Carranza, Obregon, Calles), with the landed proprietors, the local Fascisti, the rebel de la Huerta elements, and the intrenched bureaucracy.

The solution? Outside intervention? Writes the editor of the Catholic weekly *America* in a recent issue:

> Mexico is too near us for its subversive philosophy to affect our public life. Mexico's Government is far too dependent upon our Government for its existence for us to disclaim any responsibility for what happens beyond the border. If it were France or Germany or Italy or England, it might be different. They have an independent existence. But not Mexico. . . . The Mexican bishops have long known, and if they did not know it, the fate of American oil-men and others has taught them, that you cannot bargain with men like Calles.

But this is not the traditional bitter and selfish conflict between two petty ruling cliques that featured so many of the conflicts between the ecclesiastical and civil authorities, where one side or the other could run, in a moment of defeat, to beg aid from the mother country or from the outside world. And even the Roman Catholics of Mexico would be likely to rally against any armed invasion.

Will the priests gradually register and resume their places? A few have done so. But there is, as yet, no general indication of a landslide movement against the orders of the Episcopate.

Will the Government carry out its threat that if the priests do not resume services the buildings will be turned into schools, libraries, and hospitals?

Will the church succeed in convincing Congress to pass more conciliatory laws? Though the Episcopate presented a memorial to Congress, it has as yet been unable to find a single representative willing to introduce its measures.

The answer cannot be far distant.

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The Answer

(*To Rudyard Kipling*)

By HARRY KEMP

At your eleventh hour of blood and flame
We gave our answer to a thankless call
By setting our backs with yours against the wall—
Paid with your shameless, small, black words of blame,
True coinage of the ingrate, after all!

But let us build no more, in bickering rhyme,
Old, sick mendacities of Use and Time,
Nor with safe words our little hatreds wreak,
Skulking beneath the Literary Lie! . . .
Only the unspeaking Dead have right to speak— .
Unless to live, through such times, is *to die!* . . .

Youth, born for life and song, we urged embark
Down to the songless, grim, unpitying Dark;
While in sure traps their shortened days were caught
We sang their battles, but we never fought!

Then, that such deaths of slaughtered youth may cease,
In Life's great name, let us make songs of peace!

The Workers Build Their Own

By JAMES RORTY

THE other day a contractor delivered some decorative stone-work at the northern edge of Bronx Park, New York City, where a big new apartment house is building. It was a somewhat unusual order and after the contractor's truckman had dumped his load he addressed one of the bricklayers on the job.

"Say," he remarked. "What's this funny sickle-and-hammer stuff? This is the queerest order I ever seen come through the shop. Ain't you going to have no floral arches and urns? What sort of cuckoos is going to live in this place anyway?"

The bricklayer straightened, spat, and wiped his hands on his overalls.

"You want to know what sort of cuckoos is going to live in this place?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm the sort of cuckoo that's going to live in this place."

"Yeh?"

"Yeh," replied the bricklayer with cold finality and started to lay another course.

The first unit of the housing program of the United Workers' Cooperative Association will open in November with every apartment occupied. It consists of a five-story building of 337 apartments which occupies an entire city block. The second unit, already almost completely subscribed by union workers, mostly from the needle trades, will be ready in May, 1927, and subscriptions are already coming for the third. The association has bought and paid for six blocks and two half blocks at the northern end of Bronx Park. In addition it has an option on 325 city lots on the other side of White Plains Avenue, on Gunhill Road. This parcel will be used for the second "colony." The first "colony," consisting of six buildings, each occupying a square block, with dining-rooms, swimming pool, day nurseries, theater, library, kindergarten, preventorium, and health service, will be completed by the summer of 1928 if the present program works out according to schedule.

It has all happened almost overnight and it sounds like Florida. It sounds too good to be true. Has the cooperative movement actually got going in America? If so, who did it? Where's the philanthropist? Where's the State?

The answer is, Nowhere. None of them are in the cast at present and they don't seem to be needed. The workers have unrolled their own roll; bought their own bricks and the soil to lay them on. The trouble with most of the workers' cooperative housing schemes in America is that workers can't afford to live in the houses when they are built. The workers move out, or never move in. It's great for small professional and trades people. But the slums remain and the poor stay there.

Well, 337 families are moving out of "railroad" flats on the East Side, Harlem, and the Bronx next November and are moving into one of the most desirable residential sections of the Bronx. They are not the very poor. Admittedly, that problem still waits for solution as far as the activities of the United Workers' Cooperatives are concerned. But they are union workers in good standing, all of them. Nobody else is admitted. They get two-, three-, and four-room apartments, with bath, admirably arranged, with light and air in every room, a big interior garden court, and a repertory of cooperative services that includes everything from day nurseries to a theater. They pay $12, $13, or $15 a month per room. The smallest room in the building is eleven by fifteen. This rental is subject to reduction as the mortgage is amortized to a minimum of $5 per month per room for maintenance. In addition the tenants invest $200 per room, half of which may be paid over two years in instalments. For this they get the privilege of living in the apartment and a vote in the management. If a cooperator moves out he gets his money back and no more. Nobody is making any profit out of the enterprise except the mortgage company which underwrote the building loan.

It is too early, of course, to prognosticate complete success, but this much seems to be demonstrated: the workers can build their own homes with their own money; they don't have to pay Rockefeller or anybody else 8 per cent interest in perpetuity for doing it; finally they don't have to bleat for tax exemption although they, surely, if anybody, are entitled to it.

The United Workers' Cooperative Association was organized in 1917. A group of Jewish workers in the needle trades rented one floor of a building at 1815 Madison Avenue and operated it as a cooperative rooming house with a cooperative dining-room as an adjunct. It succeeded. The members saved money and had a better life. On Sundays and holidays they would take hikes into Westchester and New Jersey. They bought their provisions cooperatively and it cost them seventy-five cents a day apiece. But the mess sergeant had big ideas. He was beguiled by the attractive prices he could get through quantity buying. So one time, instead of buying enough for two days, he bought enough for a week. What to do? Some of the boys decided to stay through the week—they were then camped on the property of the wireless station near Belmar, N. J.—

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and eat up the food. Before the week was out, more members arrived. They discovered that they had a permanent camp. Moreover, the group was growing at a rate which both demanded and made possible a considerable expansion. They rented a site—a beautiful stretch of woods and pasture overlooking the Hudson near Beacon, N. Y. They established Camp Nitgedaiget—described in *The Nation* of September 29. It was there, on July 4, 1925, that some 2,000 cooperators held a mass meeting and decided that they were going after the New York City housing problem in earnest.

The results to date have been briefly outlined. The plans for the future are staggering. They are enough to make the most florid of the Florida realtors bite his nails with envy. Besides the two huge "colonies"—one started and the other scheduled in the Bronx—there is talk of cooperative department, drug, grocery and other stores, a series of camps at the seashore and in the mountains, medical and dental clinics. An invasion of the lower East Side is within the possibilities.

Meanwhile, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers are preparing to break ground for the construction of five apartment buildings on an area of forty-four city lots on Sedgwick Avenue, bounded by Mosholu Parkway, the Jerome Park Reservoir, and Van Cortlandt Park. The project is similar in many of its details to that of the United Workers' Cooperative Association. Subscriptions are limited to wage earners and preference is given to members of the Amalgamated. The estimated cost of the project is $1,450,000—about $1,400 per room.

A few blocks south, bordering the Jerome Park Reservoir, the Yiddishe Cooperative Heimgeselshaft is constructing an apartment building, covering thirty-eight city lots, which before completion in February, 1927, is expected to cost approximately $1,250,000. The cooperative provisions are in general similar to those of the other two projects.

The builder employed on all three projects is B. Brodsky, president of the Dwellers' Building Corporation, an experienced Bronx apartment-house builder with numerous financial successes to his credit and an impressive bank rating. That Mr. Brodsky also happens to be an enthusiastic cooperator is perhaps a factor in the situation. He says what everybody who has studied the cooperative movement in America knows: that the entering wedge of cooperation in industrialized America is housing; also that half the cooperative loaf is frequently worse than no bread when the other half goes to private profit. These cooperators are getting the whole loaf and its taste is good.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has never been to Newburyport; he has never seen the farmhouse in which Stuart Chase's great-great-grandfather raised his no doubt numerous family. But he knows another house, built just as the eighteenth century was turning to a close; he knows it intimately; it is, indeed, one of the many places he will choose, when his drifting days are over, to rest in forever. And he believes that his knowledge of and affection for this house and the township in which it stands gives him authority enough to affirm that Mr. Chase was, when he wrote his article in *The Nation,* talking through his hat.

HEAR Mr. Chase, wearing an elegant pair of rose-colored spectacles: the "sunny, low-eaved, great-ovened farmhouse"; the "knee breeches, the noble colors, the brave brass buttons of Newburyport"; "if you fell ill, your chances of dying were considerably greater in the old days, but you did not fall ill so frequently"; "those factors of craftsmanship . . . awareness of nature, spontaneous play . . . which my great-great-grandfather's children received naturally, automatically, and costlessly in Newburyport." The Drifter thinks of the house he knows so well; sunny, indubitably; roomy, set in grass and flanked by smooth meadows; plenty of air, light, space; plenty of fresh vegetables and fruit to eat; plenty of flora and fauna to become acquainted with, tools to work with, heartening and healthful chores to do. But how was the house in the year 1800? Not plastered, for one thing; heated only by the great chimney-stack, of course; five children slept in one room. There were other rooms, to be sure, but one had to keep warm somehow. Food was cooked over the crane; bread was baked in the brick oven. Fires had to be kept going all the time, fires that ate up logs four feet long. Woodpiles higher than the house melted under the fierce winter winds. And in summer? Well, fires had to be fed then, also. There was nowhere else to cook. No stoves in 1800. No screens to keep out the flies that swarmed in from the barns. In summer the house was unbearably hot, even set in the hills where breezes fan the branches outside. Fresh vegetables? Surely; winter turnips, carrots, beans; a little popping-corn, plenty of cabbage. There were gentlemen farmers who experimented with all sorts of new-fangled and probably poisonous garden truck: green peas, for instance, and some kinds of greens called salads—and they do say some folks actually eat those round, red love apples, but of course we all know they are poison. Plenty of fresh air in Newburyport—outdoors. But don't let me catch you opening one of those windows. Don't you know how bad the night air is for you?

* * * * *

FOUR a.m. in Newburyport. It's not daylight yet, but the critters want to be milked. Breakfast ready? Where's that strip of wool I wind around my neck? Mighty cold out in the barns these mornings. Likely to have snow soon, then we'll have to get up earlier to shovel out. Won't be back till dinner; got to work out in the west pasture. Broke a crowbar yesterday getting out one of those biggest stones; we'll have a farm here some day when we get the stones and stumps out. Through the morning in Newburyport: the sound of the spinning wheel, the thud of logs being pitched on the coals, an iron spoon scraping the inside of an iron pot. Fruit hangs drying from the smoked rafters; the pot on the crane sends up a column of steam; the hearth, new-swept, is the warmest place in the house for the children to play. Get off to school, you young ones; it's nearly eight o'clock, and you've three miles to walk. Of course it's cold, but you've got to learn your a b c's, haven't you? Do you want to grow up an ignoramus? Here's your lunch; see you get home before dark. . . . Supper time at Newburyport. The family reunited once more, father and the two oldest boys from the west pasture—digging out those stones makes your back hurt; the little children murmuring lessons in the light of the fire—candles don't give much light; the girls serving out soup hot from the pot—there's such a clutter around the fireplace you can't get near enough

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to fill the bowls; give me the baby—I'll nurse him now and maybe he'll go off to sleep. Evenings are getting short. Well, it doesn't matter, does it? I'm glad for an excuse to get to bed. It's nice and warm there and I like the smell of soup to put me to sleep.

* * * * *

THE Drifter presents this picture as at least as true a portrait of the household at Newburyport as Mr. Chase's. There was work in those days, the back-breaking work of clearing the forest and making the meadows fit to plow; work all the time, indoors and out: cloth to weave, clothes to sew laboriously by hand, tallow-dips to make, the everlasting fire to feed, and more everlasting wood to cut for it. The fireplace was picturesque; but somehow as soon as stoves were invented it was torn out. The farm was a health-giving place. But for some reason the boys wouldn't stay there. They said they had to work too hard. To be sure, in their new homes in the new cities they must often have thought wistfully of the corn-huskings, the sugaring-offs, the sleigh-rides over snow as hard and white as stone. But life was hard in the old days, and days were long. And if there were large families, there were also rows of head-stones in the burying ground. A woman who had given birth to a round dozen was lucky to bring half of them to manhood and womanhood.

* * * * *

NO, the Drifter would not have enjoyed living in Newburyport in 1800. The hand-wrought tools, the pine chests, the great four-posters, the iron latches on the doors, the rugs woven by flickering candle-light would not have been compensation enough. Now he can go to his farm-house and count the world well lost. But now things are different. He wonders if Mr. Chase has not somehow confused his delight in his great-great-grandfather's farm-house as it is today with his notion of how it was in 1800. New York City in 1926 presents numerous disadvantages to the seeker after the good life. But Newburyport a century ago was no paradise either.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

How Many Miles to Culture?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Is it fair to compare the New Englander of early days with the Bronxite of today, and to say that machinery did it or at least failed to do it?

The question is not, Is the strap-hanger better off from a cultural point of view than the artisan of a hundred years ago—but Has he more opportunities for culture than had the European peasant who was three or four generations from acquiring a strap? If so, even though part of the improvement is due to the availability of virgin natural resources, is not part of it due to the technical exploitation of those bounties?

Or, to put it another way, were the conscript armies of the war for democracy nearer to culture than were the Napoleonic cannon-food? Are the proletarians of England and Germany more cultured than the agricultural classes from which machinery called or dragged them—a finer comparison than with the small class of artisans which machinery doomed? Is the Russian peasant, with his American tractor to free him from famine, headed for or away from illiteracy, ignorance, superstition, and provincialism? What is the belief of Stuart Chase, Treasurer, Russian Reconstruction Farms, Inc.?

Bronx, New York, September 4 J. B. C. WOODS

Thank God for the Bronx!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his splendid article My Great-Great-Grandfather and I Stuart Chase, considering the present system of "machine production in the terms of tonnage output" and comparing what we really have with what "Fulton and Arkwright and Watt promised us," comes to the conclusion that the present world we live in "is the defeat of human intelligence"; it "is waste—meaningless, destructive, gigantic"; it "is a child smashing a microscope." He comes to conclusions too glum because, looking through lenses of aesthetics, he views only the lives of the middle classes.

I am a proletarian. My great-grandfather belonged to the same class. Let's consider the change in mode of life of my great-grandfather, myself, and my offspring.

First, shelter. I remember having been reared among a family of six children in an "apartment" of two dingy rooms, with earthen floors, with no plumbing or sanitation. No doubt we had more yard space, more playground space, more sunshine in our rooms than we have at present. But the space inside the rooms had to be shared with different insects, unpleasant even to remember. And this not because my grandmother and mother were poor housewives—no, they could not prevail against the insects because there were no cheap underwear and pajamas then, because there were no tenement-house departments, boards of health, or building departments to make the landlords do cleaning and make repairs, and because there were no such insecticides as we have today. Today my family of three, sometimes four, lives in four rooms. The rooms are small; but there is steam heat, electric light, hot water. A tenement-house department protects me from the extreme rapaciousness of landlordism.

Food. My father's family and I, before I could earn my own living, had not enough to eat to prevent our stomachs from grumbling. It is true that the food I remember in my childhood was more delicious, the fruit more juicy. But what consolation when it came so rarely?

Clothing. I remember my father wearing an overcoat eight or nine years till it tore at the elbows; then it was patched, mended, and given to the eldest son. When the eldest son grew out of it, it was patched and mended again and given to the younger son. And when it reached me it had been remodeled so many times that I felt like a gray cat in it. New suits were bought only for the eldest children and worn by them till they grew out of them, then given to the younger ones, until it was physically impossible to patch and remodel them any more; and then . . . they were put to some other use.

Take health. My grandmother had nine or ten children. Only three survived; none reached sixty. My mother had twelve children; only two survived. I remember the stories of how my brothers and sisters died. Under present-day public sanitation plus the services of doctors and dentists, at least eight of the ten would have lived. My first-born died at birth in a Vienna, Austria, hospital eighteen years ago. And I am positive that born then in a New York hospital, or now in any country, that child would have been saved. So God bless our doctors and dentists.

One can see that Stuart Chase has not suffered the anguish of wanting education and not being able to get it. He belongs to the leisure class.

My parents revered education. Yet only after protracted beseechings could I move them to keep me at school till my fifteenth year. My other brothers had to go to work at twelve; for my parents could afford neither to pay for private tuition

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nor to feed us any longer. My son will surely be sent to college, if only the money-making spirit does not claim his soul.

I was twenty when I saw a play for the first time. In my childhood, like my parents, I considered that a luxury fit only for the aristocracy. Even now I see plays only when they are brought to the Bronx Opera House, at popular prices. But I do see and enjoy them. My son was eight when he saw his first good play, and at fourteen he had seen as many plays as I at forty; my father never saw any.

The haphazard management of machine production, the soulless competition causes senseless waste. But it is not like a child smashing a microscope. Rather is it a youth going blusteringly wild and senselessly spendthrifty. And the Debses, Thorstein Veblens, Upton Sinclairs, Scott Nearings, Stuart Chases, *The Nation* will help bring the youth to his senses.

New York, September 4 ISRAEL KAHAN

From a Richmond Garden

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have the greatest desire to take your contributor Stuart Chase by the hand and show him many things. I want to bring him around the back of my half-acre estate and let him see the master of the house with his children working in the little garden. This summer we have raised practically all of the vegetables and fruit needed. He can peep into my garage and see a first-class work-bench and tools. Let him see that he need not send his children to expensive experimental schools. Unless a strain of laziness has come to him through his great-grandmother, he can supplement any public school education. He can discard his radio and have his children study music. . . . Oh I am full of ideas and suggestions which will help him, and our town isn't small, our income isn't large, our home is modest, and our children twice as numerous as his. I feel quite immodestly able to compete with his great-grandfather.

Richmond, Va., September 9 WILMA MARX STRAUS

Florida?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I had lived in New York City for sixteen years, my husband all his life. Like most New Yorkers we too, in our quest for more sunshine and fresh air, had tried almost every section of the city. With the arrival of our baby, New York seemed more and more impossible. Life with all its modern equipment for health and happiness, all its intellectual advantages, was but one round of appointments, interruptions, social obligations, without any time left for real living. At the dreaded realization that another baby was coming, we decided to go to some small town, preferably in a sub-tropical climate.

Everybody advised against such a "crazy" move. The unanimous conclusion was that six months would see us humbly returning to the only place in the world—New York City.

That was in May of 1924. Since then a number of our friends and relatives have visited us at Joy Hill, our farm in Florida. They have frankly envied us our peace of mind, our happiness, our freedom, and our two healthy boys.

One can earn more money in the city, but the utter waste in superfluous clothes and over-stimulating and rich foods rob the family exchequer, and most of the savings usually go to the doctors. We raise all our foodstuffs on our farm. The Florida climate allows us a variety of fresh fruits and nuts and berries and vegetables all the year round. Our flock of chickens pays our other expenses.

We have abundant time to play with our children and assist them in their "work." More! We who in the city found the rearing of one baby a very expensive and gigantic task, are now planning to raise three or four! We can afford it here.

Zephyr Hills, Fla., September 10 ROSE YUNI CHENKIN

The Agonies of Orthodoxy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If I should compare the environment of my childhood with that of my children I am inclined to think that the balance would tip in their favor. My grandfather Dole, born in Maine, on the Kennebeck, was a farmer, but his three sons, all named after prophets of Israel, managed to go through Bowdoin College and the hardships of two of them planted the seeds of consumption. My father died when I was two and a half years old and I was brought up in the little town of Norridgewock, unique for its beauty, its cultivated and congenial society, and its extremely plain living—but atrociously pious. Orthodoxy so permeated the atmosphere that one could see it hanging like a pall over the tranquil river against the opposite hill; no circus was permitted to pitch its tents on the sacred soil, and when the ice went out in the spring freshets none of us youngsters was permitted to go out on the bank with the unregenerate and unredeemed to witness the show; my mother would not allow my cousins to walk to the graveyard to visit their mother's grave—for fear that the example might be used by Sabbath-breakers as a justification. Sunday was a day of horror. This fearsome superstitious Orthodoxy-Calvinism, of itself, was heavier in the scale than all the culture otherwise prevalent.

The lights used to illuminate the long winter evenings were of sperm oil—yet the river was then ready, as it is now utilized, to furnish electricity for making brilliant the streets and houses and for lightening household labor. People were not nearly so healthy as they are now—certainly not so happy. On the whole I think my children were far happier than my brother and I were, though neither of us had any superfluity of income. So it seems to me that on the whole the world has improved!

Ogunquit, Maine, September 4 NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

Down with Everything!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Hail! And congratulations! Your courage in printing Mr. Stuart Chase's speculations in regard to the possible degenerating effect of machine culture deserves all praise. Those of us who have long ago ceased to speculate and got down to the gold tacks of practicing the auto-regenerative, not the automotive, life can now take a new hold on hope. When political radicals begin to revolt against "spectator's culture, listener's culture" and—to add another—reader's culture, when this sign begins to become visible in the heavens we who have turned our backs on the husks and harlots of Egypt can begin to lift up our heads. If Mr. Chase begins to doubt the sterling virtues of lectures, concerts, operas, and committees, the unadulterated advantages of automats, automobiles, elevateds, subways, and sunless apartments, perhaps it will not be long before Mr. H. L. Mencken begins to cook his own meals, darn his own socks, dispose of his own garbage, create his own music, and—throwing away his library—think his own thoughts. Perhaps, if you culture-hounds keep traveling in this direction at your present rate of speed, *The Nation* will print—ten years after the grand, final smash-up of the machine age and its culture—an article advocating the abolition of electric lights, steam heat, telephones, radios, and all cities of more than a population of two thousand. Perhaps . . . perhaps you will then suspend publication. In the meantime, congratulations.

Chicago, Illinois, September 3 CLAUDE STONE

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Books and Plays

Vanguard

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

He said: If Time is what I now believe,
Patience is less a virtue than a gift
We all are born with, whether we achieve
Tranquillity of spirit with the drift
Of years, or suffer still the pangs of growth.
But he was driven to the wall and passed
By the fleet-footed and the laggard both,
Who smiled at such a prophet coming last.

So for a while we lost him; none could say
If he had gone down preaching in the crowd,
Or, like a man defeated, crawled away
To make his fool's philosophy a shroud.
Self-righteously we kept the beaten track. . . .
And then one day we met him coming back.

First Glance

OF the reigning Professor of Poetry at Oxford, Mr. H. W. Garrod, I can only say that I wish he would follow up the two small volumes which he has published on Wordsworth (Oxford University Press: $2.50) and Keats (Oxford University Press: $2) with others equally small but full on Milton and Shakespeare, and perhaps, to show how far he can go in the understanding of poets, on Dryden or Pope. For Mr. Garrod, the like of whose criticism I have never quite met anywhere, has a definite responsibility—not at all as Professor of Poetry, which might mean very little, but as one who claims with reason to be able to read good poetry as it was intended to be read. Coming to Matthew Arnold's chair after a life devoted to classical scholarship, he exclaims against the "conspiracy of careless reading" which he finds, as anyone may find it, among those who discuss the literature of England. "In general I am inclined to the belief," he says with the dryness which is one of his chief incidental qualities, "that not only are poets commonly a more truthful race than other men, but that they frequently understand themselves better than other people understand them. . . . We shall never understand poets unless we believe what they tell us. . . . For myself, when poets tell me that they are inspired, I am disposed to believe them—I have found it always the shortest way, not only of placating them but of understanding them. It may even be that it is the only way."

We have been careless readers of our great poets, it would seem, because we have paid too little attention to what they said about themselves. Mr. Garrod addresses himself, then, to this task among others—to discover precisely what Wordsworth and Keats thought they ought to be doing, and only then to decide wherein, if at all, they were deceived. In both cases he finds enough confusion of mind, but he finds enough clarity, too, for his purposes; and, since he is a critic of rich and fine equipment, the result is a pair of essays hardly to be matched in English criticism for accuracy of analysis or completeness of comprehension. In Wordsworth he stresses neither the "old half-witted sheep" of the famous parody nor the Byronic radical of Professor Harper, but—I am convinced—the poet himself as he existed most gloriously in the ten years between 1797 and 1807. He frankly accepts the author of the "Prelude" as one who possessed abnormally fruitful senses; and he minutely traces the steps by which Wordsworth emerged from the intellectual conflict within himself, occasioned first by the French Revolution and next by Godwin, into the marvelous decade when, set going by Coleridge, he went the whole way of his senses. "Perhaps, indeed, Coleridge's greatest work is Wordsworth—and, like all his other works, Coleridge left it unfinished." Coleridge and Wordsworth parted in 1806; Mr. Garrod then traces the slow descent of Wordsworth into the valley of the Ecclesiastical Sonnets. In the "Keats" Mr. Garrod disposes pretty well, I think, of the notion—held intermittently and unhappily by the subject himself—that the author of St. Agnes Eve had ever any business with the intellect. "I think him the great poet he is only when the senses capture him, when he finds truth in beauty, that is to say, when he does not trouble to find truth at all." Had Keats lived he would have been more Keats, not less; and while he lived—this is one of the more brilliant of Mr. Garrod's many brilliant perceptions—he was most himself in those moments when, after struggles to understand politics or metaphysics, he suddenly relapsed into luxury.

But I wish Mr. Garrod would go on. He has been as wise in expounding Wordsworth and Keats as he has been witty in exposing the weaknesses of their critics. So far, however, he has confined himself to romantic material—inspiration, nature, the senses. There are ampler domains. Milton gained stature through using his mind; Shakespeare observed persons as well as places, looked on as well as dreamed; Dryden worked with wit. Or did they; and if so, how so? I should relish Mr. Garrod's answers to these questions, and to others. He is so good a critic that he can afford to be a broader one. MARK VAN DOREN

Cook's Tours Through Art

Art Through the Ages. An Introduction to Its History and Significance. By Helen Gardner. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.

THE value of such books as this depends mainly on whether the reader comes out with a feeling that he has really swallowed and digested a whole subject or is stimulated to follow up some few parts of it intensively. Which of these will occur, in turn, depends not wholly on the reader; some books glut the appetite with a false impression of completeness, obscuring the more subtle meanings and charms of a subject, while others create powers of further assimilation.

"Art Through the Ages" has bitten off so large a chunk of history that, in spite of its bulk, it is necessarily a quick survey. Is it the good kind or the bad? The answer must be comparative. Hitherto the most popular book of its kind has been Reinach's "Apollo," which for a generation has fed to students pictures of a few popular classics and many initiative mediocrities, along with the perfunctory tags of academic criticism. During the Wells craze for universal outlines an "Outline of Art," composed largely of sentimental anecdotes, was hastily put together under the name of Sir William Orpen, and it is still enormously read. Most textbooks on the history of art are unbelievably dull, repetitive, and prejudiced. By contrast with these, "Art Through the Ages" is full of solid substance, scholarly in background, and liberal in point of view. It has

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a concrete basis of freshly chosen photographs in rich variety, many unfamiliar enough to surprise a connoisseur, yet typical enough to distinguish hundreds of major and minor traditions in a score of fine and applied arts. The primitive, exotic, and modernistic are given a share of representation among them that is rare in textbooks, if still somewhat slighter than could be wished for. By its illustrations alone the book is enough to tempt the reader to closer acquaintance with the originals.

Is the text of a sort to intensify this attractiveness and stimulate the power to enjoy discriminatingly? By comparison with older books, again, there is distinct progress toward this end, largely because the author has followed the present tendency of art education to stress design. To a considerable extent Miss Gardner has avoided the usual anecdotes of artists' lives and the literary interpretation of pictorial subject matter, and has tried to bring out instead the direct aesthetic qualities of typical works of art. When a quality of color is suggested, or the rhythm of two lines, and when a light-and-shade pattern or a disposition of masses is pointed out in a statue or cathedral, the reader's attention is directed toward the object itself and his power of appreciating similar objects tends to be increased.

That this line of approach is not followed out with enough thoroughness is evidence of the surviving demand for other modes of approach to art. Few teachers or general readers are yet ready to devote systematic study to plastic form for its own sake; they insist on being told interesting facts about its human and literary associations. There is at present a conscious educational trend, moreover, toward presenting all subjects "in their social setting," which often means merely flooding them with miscellaneous facts of a vaguely sociological flavor. Miss Gardner must be constantly inserting information about the political and religious environment of the artist, about the mechanical devices by which the building was made to stay up, about what the people in the picture seem to be thinking of, and how the subject expresses the interests of the time. There is some attempt to separate these viewpoints, but not enough to prevent frequent confusion. With so many artists and schools and so many aspects of each to be touched on, the directly aesthetic treatment has to be extremely sketchy, and often misses essential qualities. The text never stops long enough on any single object to give the reader anything like a full realization of its complex unity of line, light, mass, space, and color. Instead he is hustled down the ages, plied with miscellaneous information, his attention switched this way and that, until he closes the book without ever having had (so far as the text can help him) a single clear and vivid experience of a work of art.

By the total absence of either psychological approach or personal viewpoint the book further misses the significance of art as a thing to be created, liked, disliked, and reflectively evaluated. It is perhaps too much to ask of a textbook that it present any fresh appraisals, but it may at least be expected to show a realization that feeling, perception, habit, and conscious standards have something important to do with the history of art. In a textbook, again, a certain catholic objectivity and tolerance are perhaps better than too narrow and violent preferences (although even the latter may stimulate a reader to doubt and think things out for himself). But throughout this book there is little indication that a divergence in standards of artistic value is possible or that one picture may be judged better or worse than another. Works of every description, major and minor, original and imitative, Renaissance masters and American academicians, are reviewed with the same placid amiability that extends almost (with a few timid doubts) to the post-impressionist radicals. The result is not only a slightly tedious softness but a failure to show that art history has been permeated with the battle of traditions and clashing impulses and a failure to start the beginner on the essential task of discriminating values for himself.

THOMAS MUNRO

The Story of Psychology

The Meaning of Psychology. By C. K. Ogden. Harper and Brothers. $3.

MR. OGDEN has taken upon himself an attractive and well-considered task. His singleness of purpose and directness of exposition enable him to produce a survey of the scope as well as the meaning of psychology, all in terms of the modern man's interests and the modern man's concepts of comprehension; and that means neither the "high brow" who would expect a more technical and systematized text-like procedure, nor the "low brow" who (if we may credit the questionable judgment of the editors of popular magazines) will swallow and digest only thin pabulum highly spiced with journalese sauce, but the man of medium cranial altitude whose needs are properly met by a writer loyal to scientific standards, and whose interests are worth stimulating and satisfying. Such a reader, whose I. Q. would entitle him to be called more than average, wants to know what psychology is all about, how it approaches and how it solves its problems, what kinds of facts it considers, and particularly what kinds of conclusions it draws as to the mental nature of man. To cover this ground would, in the vernacular, be a pretty large order; but that is precisely what Mr. Ogden is willing to fill.

He undertakes to set forth how psychology bears upon life's problems, its endeavors, its criteria of fitness, its motives; to indicate how the mind machine operates, how it is constructed, and what it produces; to set forth the psychic side of man as a living organism and a going concern. In further detail: to take a psychic inventory in terms of behavior liabilities and assets, native trends and their adjustment to condition; how the mind goes wrong and leaves home; what light psychology throws upon the products, the institutions, the man-made (which means so largely mind-made) environment in which man matures to adult stature racially and individually. Viewed through the large end of the psychologist's opera glass, there appears the total scene in miniature; viewed through the small end, there appears magnified the close-up of its features, its analysis, the varieties and types of mental performance. In addition there is the illumination which childhood sheds upon mature traits and vice versa; throughout there is the story of application paralleling the story of principles; there is the historical tale, of how these problems arose and how differently they were viewed and solved according to old-time interests—a glance backward at the perplexities arising in the academic pursuit—and how radically all this has changed with the removal of the grove and cloister and the right-about-face that turned psychology to a control of human lives intimately to their profit or undoing.

There is the collateral tale belonging more specifically to the related disciplines: what physiology, anthropology, psychiatry bring to and take from the psychological viewpoint. Religion, ethics, education, all bring tribute to and take tribute from psychology, and yet it must retain the dominance within its own domain, and this despite the division into schools, affiliations, "isms." From another approach it appears that psychology underlies economics, art, invention, even philosophy, and the common thought of the common man. For in an unprecedented sense this is the psychological age, and the term is properly as well as glibly used to follow the clue to the understanding and control of human beings in all relations—of family, state, class, industry, recreation, and spiritualization. On this trail Mr. Ogden necessarily includes the question of method, the question how the modern insight has come to be established through the laboratory, the clinic, the work of the evolutionist and of the "social" student; how the outgrowing of barren methods was necessary to the dissipation of old-time fallacies—largely the mistaking of myths, theories, metaphors for facts and relations and realities.

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From it all emerges the directive influence of the pragmatic temper. Psychology must be and has been rewritten from the point of view of mental phenomena in terms of the actual realities: nerves, glands, muscles, impulses, instincts, urges, mechanisms. Again specifically, the Freudian viewpoint tells the story in terms of psychic hungers and appetites, ministering to bodily as well as mental satisfaction, recognizing—as in the life of sex—the complexity of both phases and their fusion. In every reasonable sense this is behaviorism; and Mr. Ogden, like many another psychologist (though unlike his compatriot McDougall, who finds it irritating), finds the assumption of the radical Watsonian behaviorism, as the one-and-only, beware-of-imitations brand, amusing. Hospitable to all the cultivated fields of investigation that contribute to the psychological harvest, he is perhaps a bit too hospitable when considering (though without indorsement) some of the aspects of "psychical research" which are unassimilable with the position which he favors; but he wishes to indicate frontiers as well as settled territory. Under the pragmatic survey he includes the psychology of the learning process—naturally in brief compass—and the story of how the mind as well as the world which it knows unfolds. He looks outward as well as inward, discusses what we bring to as well as what we get out of the life mental, how we meet the temptations and delusions of wrong thinking, how we develop the strengths or weaknesses of inherent capacity in character as well as in intelligence.

It requires so much space barely to enumerate the things which Mr. Ogden tells about that none is left to indicate the acts and scenes of his drama. Suffice it to say that he is sparing of incident, confines attention to significant movements of modern and pragmatic interests, shifts the scenery frequently but with an orderly plot, and gives a readable and useful picture of what the active psychologists of today are contributing to an understanding of the mental world. It is a pretty large order, but it is expertly filled within the limited facilities of a narrow volume.

JOSEPH JASTROW

A Rare Temper

From Goethe to Hauptmann. Studies in Changing Culture. By Camillo von Klenze. The Viking Press. $2.50.

A GREAT deal of criticism is being written in America and a great deal of what is being written is stimulating and amusing. But most of it is the result of merely personal reactions or else it limits itself to the merely rhetorical properties of letters—this is true of nearly all our criticism of poetry—or, like Mr. Spingarn's on the one hand or Mr. More's on the other, it derives from an antecedent embraced philosophy.

Now, there is still another kind of criticism of which we have very little, but of which, I am sure, we stand in great need. This kind of criticism regards literature as the articulate record of the history of human civilization. I say civilization because unluckily we lack the word *Kultur*, which, properly used, makes the necessary distinction between, let us say, machinery as an end and a symptom. Cultural history is the history of man's spirit, of the relations of the spirit to the world, of the reactions of the world upon the spirit. Properly pursued, it is the most philosophical kind of history. Criticism that derives from it and regards itself as integrated with it is the most philosophical kind of criticism.

We have so little of this kind of criticism because it can be practiced neither by the lean specialist nor by the bustling reviewer. To practice it you must have a command of practically all the major literatures in their original languages and you must in your own person sustain a relation to life that is broad, intense, flexible, and yet profoundly guided from within. Now, these are precisely the qualities that Dr. von Klenze brings to his task. That he is a professor is a happy accident for his students; that he is a professor of German is due to ancestral sympathies and practical exigencies. What makes him an important critic, especially in America, is that he both knows and experiences, that his vast scholarship is irradiated with life and thought. We have dullards who know the brilliant and charming minds that guess or blunder. The combination of knowledge with wit and vividness is rare.

I have dwelt on Dr. von Klenze's character and methods as a critic because these seem to me more in need of being emphasized than the particular subjects to which he has applied himself. He writes of the varying visions of Italy and their meaning, of the development of the romantic views of art, of two great typical mid-century temperaments, of naturalism in the drama as part of man's social history, and finally of that compassion for the disinherited which has produced perhaps the most important writing of modern time. He starts, far more properly and philosophically than is commonly thought, from a German center. But his vision sweeps Europe and America. His results are, both in method and in kind, calculated to deepen and vivify the proper study of literature among us.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Baroja

The Lord of Labraz. By Pio Baroja. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THIS is the seventh book published in America by a great writer whom Americans do not read, preferring to take their Spain from Ibáñez and the movies. Brandishing this seventh book the critics heap scorn on the American public—those imperial vulgarians to whom artists of all the world must come bearing their treasures—for their blindness in passing this great one by. But the scorn having been hurled, we can open the book and read.

Here we find people—Domingo Chiqui, for example, "who offended during many years the chivalrous sentiments of the city of Labraz . . . short rather than tall, merry and addicted to lying, and when it was a question of work, as light as a bar of lead. . . . His nose was long and hooked, and an Adam's apple rose from his throat like another crook desperately anxious to join his nose." When he died, from living too well, "his illness seemed to have sharpened his wits and added to his facetiousness, for at every instant he had some witty remark in his intricate language, so that laughter filled his bedroom instead of lamentation. . . . He consoled his friends with a grotesque account of the road of Purgatory he would have to tread and how he would tell St. Peter that, although a tavernkeeper, he had not often baptized his wine."

Here is Perico, "one of the Liberals of the town. To be liberal meant for him to be gruff and outspoken. He owned a plot of land and a vineyard which yielded him a bare sustenance, and spent his days in amazing the town. His mustache was of an alarming size, and he wore his hair long; his suits were too large for him, he wore a large hat and carried a huge stick."

Here is the romantic Goya, whose father the innkeeper married her to the accommodating Chiqui to prevent her being hounded out of the pious priest-ridden town, reading another novel. "This scene fills me with greater enthusiasm each time I read it. The Duke Rodolfo is about to enter the room of the dressmaker. I think he is her lover. Yes, he must be her lover; I have no doubt of it."

Here is the dying wife of Don Ramiro, looking older than he, thin and weak, dressed in black; "her nose was slender and slightly aquiline; her eyes gray and sunken; her mouth large and kindly, and her expression straightforward, open, and energetic"; and the beautiful Micaela with "her serene lack of passion and clear cold understanding of life," who was to supplant the wife and hasten her death and to waken for the first time in Don Ramiro's turbulent heart "a tendency to tenderness, a need of humiliation." Here is the priest, "a little

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ugly man, who out of egoism imagined that everything went well in the world," the organist with a "certain mystery in his face, with its long nose, narrow clean-shaven cheeks, wide forehead and the great silver spectacles," and his complete set of Voltaire locked up behind clerical treatises and stories of saints.

And finally, here is the town, with its unconscious hypocrisy. "The brutal instincts which were half restrained by the fear of hell and half excited by that loophole which hypocrisy affords to every vice had rendered the inhabitants of Labraz marvelously ferocious. During public festivals this ferocity found an outlet in the bullfights. . . . The young men, gentlemen and clowns, placed themselves behind the barricade, and when the bull pressed near them they would prick it, beat it over the muzzle, knock out one of its eyes if they could, and finally when an old bull or an old cow was led into the arena they would act as bullfighters and throw themselves upon it, holding it down and stabbing it with their knives until it was a mangled mass. After they had danced the jota, which is stupidity and ferocity converted into a tune, they drank a great deal, and returned to their houses to pray. The most dissolute inhabitants, when Holy Week came around, put on their penitential robes and walked in procession."

Here in short is an eye as keen as that of an old Dutch painter of peasant interiors, a feeling for every kind and circumstance of man, tolerance, understanding, sympathy; here is Voltaire ripping away the swaddlings from rottenness, and Ibsen wrestling with the inert mass of his people; here is a master comedian. All these are here in a rambling, helter-skelter story, poorly composed, as Baroja tells us himself with Shavian frankness, borrowing too much from too many people, or rather borrowing too hastily. Thus the plot might have made a Schiller epic, or a Selma Lagerlöf saga, or a Scott romance. Baroja started out to tell it all in dialogue, and portions remain which are still all dialogue. The chapters do not grow out of one another smoothly. They change in style and tempo and in intention. There is an artificiality about the mechanism of the story that takes us back to the time before Balzac and Flaubert and Turgenev welded the old ungainly elements in a new unity. It is as true and as fantastic as a Shaw play or a Dickens melodrama. One feels a master craftsman, disdainful of his craft, throwing his treasures at us in mad profusion. But that is by the way, for greatness makes its own forms and transcends forms. When we sort out the great books of the world we find that many of them fall into no category recognized before their time. And so here greatness has given us a badly composed, helterskelter book, ample as it is poignant, merry as it is scornful—another fleeting glimpse of that road between reality and our souls.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Books in Brief

Mothers in Industry. By Gwendolyn Hughes. The New Republic, Inc. $1.

The problems affecting working women are complicated by a host of social and economic preconceptions which like most preconceptions have their origin in kernels of truth long since withered. Analytic studies of the actual economic and social position of women workers clear the atmosphere of these old generalizations and are therefore of particular value. The Federal Women's Bureau has made a number of studies of the economic position of married women in several large industrial communities. These studies have considered women's wages, their contribution to the family income, and kindred economic facts. Now Dr. Hughes in a study of 728 working mothers in Philadelphia has gone a step further by securing information concerning the effects of wage-earning upon the children of these mothers, upon child-bearing, and upon the health and social conditions found in the home. Her study indicates that the majority of wage-earning mothers are forced into industry by economic necessity. A preliminary survey of 11,073 families in Philadelphia revealed the fact that only 6 per cent of this entire group were supported by the earnings of the husband alone. Furthermore Dr. Hughes has a mass of information showing that the mother in industry still remains the home-maker; that industry itself makes few concessions to the working mother in the way of special arrangements for working hours and nurseries; that the existence of a working mother does not necessarily mean a low standard of family welfare.

Other People's Daughters. Seventeen Studies from Life of City Girls and their Surroundings. By Eleanor Rowland Wembridge. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

The hybrid form of this book—its appearance in novel size, its easy running style, and its seventeen stories of young girls, their sweethearts, jobs, and families—requires a name as substantial as Mrs. Wembridge's to give it any semblance of scientific validity. But with such authority back of them the stories may be accepted as particularly brilliant examples of the popularized case history. Mrs. Wembridge presents stories illustrating various psychological mechanisms functioning in particular situations. Among these are day-dreams, wishes, adaptation, exhibitionism, compensation, imitation, sex, parental love, egotism, etc.

Federal Reserve Banking Practice. By H. Parker Willis and William H. Steiner. D. Appleton and Company. $10.

This immense work is practically an encyclopedia of matters connected with the Reserve System. The authors, who were formerly minor officials of the Federal Reserve Board, seem to have devoted most space to the subjects which most appealed to them. From the standpoint of the business man or the financial man, the allotment of about one-quarter of the work to agricultural credits and of 26 pages to the subject of financing manufacturer and merchant does seem disproportionate. Exactly five lines are devoted to the relations between the New York clearing-house and the Reserve system, while the writers seem never to have heard of the present relations of the system to the investment and speculative loan market despite several chapters on interest rates and the discount market. But while these blemishes properly detract from the value of the book, it remains the only good and full exposition of the system's practice.

The Northern Tribes of Nigeria. By C. K. Meek. Oxford University Press. Two volumes.

Mr. Meek has done an excellent service to ethnology; and it is interesting to note that this is a case in which the tail has wagged the dog. Originally setting out to make a census of Northern Nigeria, the author found the ethnological material gathered to be of such great interest and importance that he ended by giving it three-fourths of his space. Mr. Meek has had no easy task, for the area he describes is a truly marginal one, and every phase of culture presents a tangle of influences, from the coastal Negroid culture to the south and the Arab-Berber Mohammedan culture to the north, that is almost hopeless to unravel. In consequence we have a study which is very confusing, and this is as it should be, the material being what it is. There are some 235 tribes in the region. The census itself is a valuable collection of statistics, giving the names and numbers of the tribes, the occupations of the peoples, their civil condition, education, and religion.

Ixion in Heaven. By Benjamin Disraeli. Decorated by John Austen. Henry Holt and Company. $1.75.

A reprint of the least clever of Disraeli's three burlesques. The brilliance that in 1836 set fashionable London by the ears is now merely useful material for the student of mores. Disraeli was happiest, after all, when he had living personages to model from, as in "Vivian Grey." His forte is neither irony nor humor, but malice. And so these take-offs on Olympian

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conversations sound a little bodiless, particularly when we remember one Lucian of Samosata, who also wrote Dialogues of the Gods. John Austen's gravely malevolent illustrations which portray Jupiter and his family as bucks and belles of Victorian England are alone worth the price of the little book. Antimacassars, glass bowers, ormolu, leg-of-mutton sleeves, ornamental chin-whiskers—the entire paraphernalia are rendered with the most ridiculous seriousness and the greatest comic effect.

Drama

Broadway

BROADWAY, as every reader of the newspapers knows, is a world in itself, intricate, colorful, and varied. Into it are drawn all sorts and conditions of men ranging from the mere tough who has discovered opportunities for the exercise of his talents which the slums do not afford to the genuine artist who finds there the only market for abilities of a certain kind. And yet, various as are its denizens, they have something in common. They share a whole realm of private gossip, they possess volumes of "inside information" which leaks only in driblets to the outside world, and they are united by a common acquiescence in certain traditions and conventions which make the pattern of that life. Crooks and playwrights, night-club proprietors and actresses are all tacitly members of the same guild, they are collectively "of Broadway" just as really as they are by groups "of the underworld" or "of the theater." Theirs is a world as distinct from the rest of New York as the court of Charles II was distinct from the rest of London.

And if a certain tawdriness is inseparable from this glamorous existence there is no inherent reason why this same tawdriness should be shared by every artistic representation; yet somehow it always is. No play or novel which took Broadway as its theme has ever, I think, made very much of the materials at hand. No writer has yet done for Times Square what "Main Street" did for the small town or the novels of Edith Wharton did for New York society, though it is an entity as distinct and as interesting as either. Last year George Kaufman, whom one might have thought equal to the task, got as far as that highly promising title "The Butter and Egg Man" and then relapsed into purely artificial farce, while Sidney Howard, putting forth a more serious effort, allowed "Lucky Sam McCarver" to slip from his grasp. Whoever has known Broadway well enough to represent it has somehow been corrupted by it; whatever has been *about* Broadway has been *of* Broadway also, and that, of course, is fatal to art which, of necessity, implies a transcendence of the material it employs. No one has yet appeared who has encompassed the region of White Lights as Sinclair Lewis encompassed that of his chosen region, no one, that is to say, who has been at once so intimate with and yet aloof from its life and its mores.

All the strictures which have been offered here apply in full force to the play which Philip Dunning has fashioned in conjunction with that extraordinarily stage-wise actor, George Abbott, and which has been comprehensively labeled "Broadway" (Broadhurst Theater). Every element which goes to make it up has been carefully and skilfully calculated for the meridian of Forty-second Street; scene has been linked to scene by people who not only have an uncanny sense of theatrical effectiveness but have, besides, a delicate finger upon the pulse of the public—by people who know, for example, that though in melodrama the distressed maid must still be rescued by the sober lover, we must now give to the triumph of virtue a half comic, half cynical air. Decidedly "Broadway" is *of* the region which it undertakes to portray. Yet within the limits here implied nothing can be given to the piece but superlative praise; it is magnificently successful in achieving its purpose.

For the scene the authors have chosen the back room of a night club in which wholesale bootleggers pursuing their business and members of the homicide squad looking for evidence mingle with the cabaret girls who come in quarreling to change their costumes and exit in the first step of their dance. Not only have they realized to the full the obvious picturesque possibilities of this scene but they have, moreover, turned the trick which is the secret of every successful melodrama; they have, that is to say, contrived a story which is centuries old in all its essentials but novel in all its external dress. Here is the sleek, sinister villain matched against the simple-minded hero for the love of the inexperienced girl, here is the unexpected murder done by the revengeful woman, and here, too, is the officer of the law who slips discreetly away when he realizes that justice, though irregular, has been done. But here as well is a *locale* new at least in the sense that it has never been so effectively used before, and here is dialogue whose liveliness, verisimilitude, and flavor constantly rise far above the intellectual level of the plot. The result is that even the sophisticated spectator finds the old situations made surprisingly effective once more. "Broadway" is the first substantial hit of the new season, and it deserves its success since no more effective melodrama has been produced here in years. To the general it is a perfect play; even to the judicious it is continuously entertaining; and, the stage being what it is, no person who attends the theater often should miss it. Indeed, I suspect that very few will; the chances are that this day next year will see it still playing to enthusiastic audiences.

Those who like operettas in the Viennese style will get their money's worth and more at "Countess Maritza" (Shubert Theater), which the Shuberts have planned in accordance with the same policy which has guided them in the production of various other elaborate musical comedies during the last year or two. There is acceptable music of the "Blue Danube" sort, lusty singing by a large company, and a general air of profuseness in everything. Some of the dancing and the comic relief rises well above the level of the usual musical comedy standard. "Scotch Mist" (Klaw Theater) is a polite comedy-drama centering about the career of a lady who was generally regarded as light but whose indiscretions were due solely to the fact that her brilliant political husband didn't understand her. The dialogue has the ease and smartness made familiar by many English comedies, but otherwise the play is undistinguished. Rosalind Fuller and Philip Merivale head the cast, but the best performance is given by David Tearle in the role of an amiable rotter.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

British Labor in Transition

By SCOTT NEARING

THE Trades Union Congress which met at Scarborough in September, 1925, was full of dynamite. From the presidential address of A. B. Swales, through the resolutions on imperialism and world-labor unity, the delegates vied with one another in their efforts to go "left." It was a militant congress, facing big issues with vigor and resolve. A year later many of the same delegates met at Bournemouth in a very different frame of mind. Meanwhile, there had been a general strike; the miners had been locked out for four months, and the British workers were facing a general employing-class offensive against their working hours and their standards of living. Representatives of the Russian Trade Unions spoke at Scarborough, amid general approbation. These same representatives were excluded from the British Isles by the Home Office when they applied for permission to visit Bournemouth.

Evidently the general strike has had a profound effect on the British labor movement. As President Pugh said in his Bournemouth address, it is undoubtedly the most important event in the past half century of British labor history. It was for this reason that the general strike was not discussed at the Bournemouth conference. The General Council of Trades Union Congress, which made the program and directed the conference proceedings, safeguarded itself in every possible way against having to stand a discussion of the general strike from the floor. There were many informal comments made during the conference, but all direct discussion was ruled out of order by the Chair.

The contrast between Scarborough and Bournemouth was particularly noticeable because, with a few minor exceptions, the same men and women who sat on the platform at Scarborough occupied platform seats at Bournemouth. There was a new president, of course, but the militant president of last year was the silent vice-president of this. J. H. Thomas, his work completed for the moment, was away in Canada. George Hicks played no part in the Bournemouth Congress. A. A. Purcell gave no fighting lead and made no vigorous speeches. His comments on international unity, in contrast with those of 1925, savored of the caution of John Clynes. Fred Bramley, last year's secretary, had died. His place was filled by the assistant secretary, W. M. Citrine. Bevin played his usual role of political major-domo to the movement. The other members of the General Council were nervously quiet.

The whole British movement has faced a general strike. President Pugh declared that the delegates did not assemble in any penitent mood. J. H. Clynes described their temper as "reflective." They were beaten; and very badly frightened, not so much by the Government as by the fierce vigor with which the rank and file of the labor movement responded to the strike call and carried on during the period of the strike.

President Pugh, in his opening remarks, said that the supreme lesson of the strike was the belief of the rank and file in the principles of democracy. The Government did its best to provoke violence: "Nothing but the restraint, forbearance, and good sense of our members prevented the agents of the Government fomenting a revolutionary temper and plunging the country into conditions of civil war." These provocations could not succeed, according to Chairman Pugh, because "the British people have set themselves to achieve their aims by the methods of democracy, which means in politics the parliamentary system and in economic life a system of collective trade-union effort."

It is along these lines that the advances will be made, Pugh insisted: "We have had a Labor Government. . . . What is more to my present purpose, we have our deeply rooted trade-union movement, powerful, efficient, well-organized, the instrument by which the working people have begun to secure and will, I am convinced, ultimately accomplish industrial and economic freedom. It is not a question of altering our fundamental aim or the direction of our efforts and our thoughts, but rather one of a continuous strengthening and broadening of our ranks to embrace all who accept our principles and have a conviction of the justice of our cause and sympathy with our ideals."

Continuing his argument in favor of traditional thinking and acting, Pugh said: "When the unions combined their forces last May they were not invoking any new principle of industrial action, but simply asserting more effectively on a larger scale the traditional trade-union refusal to accept dictated terms of employment whether from the employers or the Government."

This was the tone of the General Council at the time of the general strike. It was their attitude at the Bournemouth Congress: "Nothing out of the ordinary has happened. The general strike was merely an enlarged industrial dispute. Business as usual!"

The British ruling class talked that way during and after the Great War. But with all the talk they never have made good. The war did make a difference. British trade-union leaders talked that way during and after the general strike. They are wasting their breath. The strike has made a profound difference which no verbal denials can modify. The real lesson of the strike was not a lesson in democracy at all, but a lesson in dictatorship. When the strike was threatened the Government invoked the Emergency Powers Act of 1920; divided the country into districts with a civil commissioner over each; took over the essential services, such as food, fuel, transport, etc., and under the provisions of the Emergency Act arrested and jailed people merely for having certain types of literature in their possession. Baldwin "played cricket" with MacDonald and Thomas till he felt that he was in danger of losing the game. Then, by an executive act, he shifted the game and changed the rules.

Pugh and his backers still talk about the principles of democracy. But they have been face to face with a dictatorship. Their experience has driven them from the leadership of the British labor movement.

The general strike was the biggest event in recent British labor history, but it was taboo at Bournemouth, not, as the leaders asserted, because its discussion might prejudice the case of the miners, while their lockout was still in progress, but because the leaders could not face

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the implications of the general strike. The issue will be gone into, perfunctorily, at some future conference of trade-union executives, but it will not be threshed at any central point by accredited representatives of the rank and file. The Trade Union Congress leaders have turned that job over to the minority. They cannot face the general strike issue because the general strike was a challenge to the whole theory on which MacDonald has built his Labor Party as well as to the traditional practices of British trade unionism. In a very real sense, therefore, the Bournemouth conference was the swan-song of the present generation of British labor leaders. They presented no line of policy, advocated no program, and blocked every effort at policy making. Ideologically, their epoch ended with the Russian Revolution of 1917. Practically the general strike proved their coup de grace.

Of course, these men and women are not out of the movement. They have merely stopped leading. They will continue to hold their places until they are taken away by a leadership of the new generation. Meanwhile, the British labor movement will continue to be as it is today, in a fog of purposeless uncertainty; the chosen leaders out of the fight; the new leadership not yet designated; the masses struggling, resigned, militant as circumstances dictate.

Color and World Migration

THE *People*, a weekly published at Lahore, in its issue of July 25, prints the following report of a speech delivered by L. Lajpat Rai at the World Migration Congress in London during the last week in June:

I am here to express the point of view of Asia in general and of India in particular, and as I am the only speaker for that vast beehive of humanity, I hope you will in the matter of time show me somewhat greater indulgence than perhaps you may otherwise be inclined to do.

Let me tell you most candidly that the questions with which you are dealing are perhaps among the most important of those which are going to influence favorably or otherwise the cause of peace in the world. It is perfectly true that Asia is just now in a condition of subordination and her voice does not count for much in the affairs of mankind. But it must not be forgotten that this was not always so and there is no guaranty that it is going to be so for a very long time. It will be a short-sighted policy then, which is not likely to further the cause of humanity at large, including that portion of humanity which resides in Europe and America, to ignore the interests and rights, even sentiments and prejudices, fears and hopes of the peoples of Asia.

Our complaint against you is not that you do not open the doors of your countries to us unreservedly but that you have in the past two centuries, by the use of political, military, and economic weapons, not only compelled us to work for you on your own terms but that after we have labored for you and given you of our best, you have thrown us out most mercilessly, and added insult to injury. If you will look at the history of emigration from India during the last hundred years, you will find that the majority of our emigrants were taken to different parts of the British Empire and to some foreign countries by a system of indentured labor, which was hardly distinguishable from forced labor, and men and women were taken to Natal, Fiji, Guiana, the West Indies, and later to other places. At the time certain promises were given to our people of being allowed to settle on terms of equality in the countries of immigration, which are now being abrogated on various grounds, some of them seemingly substantial and others patently unsubstantial. Even now we have no desire to thrust ourselves on any country whatsoever. We have compelled our Government to abolish indentured recruitment and we have also placed on the statute book an emigration law which forbids the emigration of labor without the permission of the Government and the Indian Legislature. We perfectly recognize the right of all self-governing states and communities to regulate immigration into their countries, but what we insist upon is that those of our people who have already settled in other countries, particularly where they were taken under certain agreements and certain promises, and the descendants of those settlers should be placed in a position of equality with the other people of those countries. The anomaly of the present position is that while the white people of the world demand their right to exclude non-white people from the countries of which they have taken possession by one means or another (sometimes even by force or fraud) they themselves want complete freedom to move about wherever they find it profitable to do so. These rights they enforce by the use of the political and military powers that they possess. Let me illustrate what I mean by referring to the conditions regarding my own country.

We are not only being excluded from the United States, South Africa, Canada, Australia, and other countries but our men who have gone to settle there quite lawfully are being turned out from those countries under different pleas, of inferior civilization, insanitary habits, and lower standards of life. While this is being done in the interests of white labor, the white governments are forcing upon us their own skilled labor to the detriment of our people. It comes to this: heads you win, tails we lose. You will not have our skilled labor, but you will thrust your own skilled labor on us. Now, may I ask you if this is not unfair, nay, cruel? I put it to you, would you tolerate this if you were treated accordingly? You may take it from me that although we are at present helpless to remedy this state of things and to maintain our rights, we cannot be expected to bless such a system and to tolerate it for a long time. How long is this to continue? If continued unchecked, it can only end in disaster, the responsibilities of which will be entirely upon your shoulders. We do not want to encroach on anyone's rights provided no one else encroaches on ours. If the white countries of the world can exclude us, our skilled and unskilled workers, we insist on having the same right to exclude others.

We have, gentlemen, heard a great deal about civilization, standards of life, and other things. I have no desire to retort, but let me tell you that we are not prepared to accept the validity of these pleas. The poorest classes of our people have virtues of their own, which are not very common in the poorest classes of your countries. This is the same argument which your own rich and propertied classes use against our workers. The poorer classes all over the world are ignorant, dirty, and uncivilized, for which capitalism and imperialism are solely responsible. If your argument is valid against us, that of your propertied classes will be equally valid against you. Let us, therefore, dismiss all these arguments, which are born of arrogance, pride, and greed. Let us remember that the cause of the worker all over the world is one and the same. By all means protect your rights against unfair competition, but if the only way to do so is by a policy of exclusion and segregation, then goodby to the unity and solidarity of the working classes. You may lay down your standards, provided you do not make them unattainable; but you must treat equally all who are prepared to accept and adopt them. In your struggle with capitalism you are throwing the whole weight of the colored workers of the world against you. This will not enable you to maintain your civilization; the result will be to the contrary. For God's sake, then, away with race and color pride, and with the pride of your superior civilization—a civiliza-

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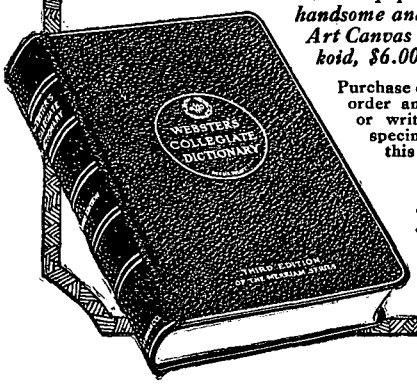

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tion which has invented submarines, bombs, and poison gas. Let us come to some harmonious and brotherly understanding which will advance the cause of humanity and peace. Asia wants nothing but justice and fair play. If you refuse it, you refuse it at your peril, which may not be imminent, but which nothing can prevent. Now, this is not the language of a threat, it is a plea which I submit to you in all humility and respect and with the greatest good-will. There is an undercurrent going on in the colored world which is bound to subvert the existing order of things if you do not look ahead.

Let me also say one word about the distinction which is being made between political and economic grounds. The line of demarcation is very thin. The colored world thinks that your political leaders use the political weapon, and your labor leaders use the other. For the colored people of the world there is not much to choose between the two, as the result under either plea is their subordination, exploitation, exclusion, and segregation. The subject you are dealing with is of the greatest importance. Do not play fast and loose with it, but develop a policy which is considerate and humane. We of Asia will help and cooperate with the greatest possible good-will.

Contributors to This Issue

WYNANT DAVIS HUBBARD recently spent three years on his farm in Rhodesia.

W. E. WOODWARD is the author of "Bunk," "Lottery," and other volumes.

CARLETON BEALS is in Mexico, making a study of social and political institutions.

JAMES RORTY is one of the editors of the *New Masses*.

HARRY KEMP is the author of "Tramping on Life," and "More Miles," to be published this month.

THOMAS MUNRO is professor of fine arts at the University of Pennsylvania.

JOSEPH JASTROW is professor of psychology at the University of Wisconsin.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN is the author of "Up Stream" and "Israel."

ALICE BEAL PARSONS is the author of "Woman's Dilemma."

SCOTT NEARING is the author of "Education in Soviet Russia," and other books. He attended the British Trades Union Congress which met at Bournemouth last month.

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NATHANIEL PEFFER—Imperialism and Its Practical Implications. Thursday, 8.20—9.50 P. M.

EDWIN B. HOLT—Psychology of Response. Monday, 8.20—9.50 P. M. (Ten lectures)

JOHN B. WATSON AND OTHERS—Behaviorism and Psychoanalysis. Friday, 8.20—9.50 P. M. (Twelve lectures)

S. FERENCZI—Selected Chapters in the Theory and Practice of Psychoanalysis. Tuesday, 8.20—9.50 P. M.

IRA S. WILE—Conduct Disorders in Childhood. Monday, 5.20—6.50 P. M.

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PAUL SINGER—Social and Economic Functions of International Banking. Friday, 8.20—9.50 P. M.

WALTER W. STEWART—Current Tendencies in Finance. Monday, 8.20—9.50 P. M. (Twelve lectures)

EDWIN W. KOPF—Insurance History of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries. Thursday, 8.20—9.50 P. M. (Twelve lectures)

FREDERICK R. MACAULAY—Principles of Statistical Method. Thursday, 8.20—9.50 P. M.

H. W. L. DANA—Literature Since 1918. Friday, 8.20—9.50 P. M.

STARK YOUNG—The Theatrical Season, 1926-27. Tuesday, 5.20—6.50 P. M.

WALDO FRANK AND OTHERS—Modern Art. Wednesday, 8.20—9.50 P. M. (Twelve lectures)

TERRY RAMSAYE—The Motion Picture. Thursday, 8.20—9.50 P. M. (Twelve lectures)

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